Why Young Men Should Begin at the Bottom

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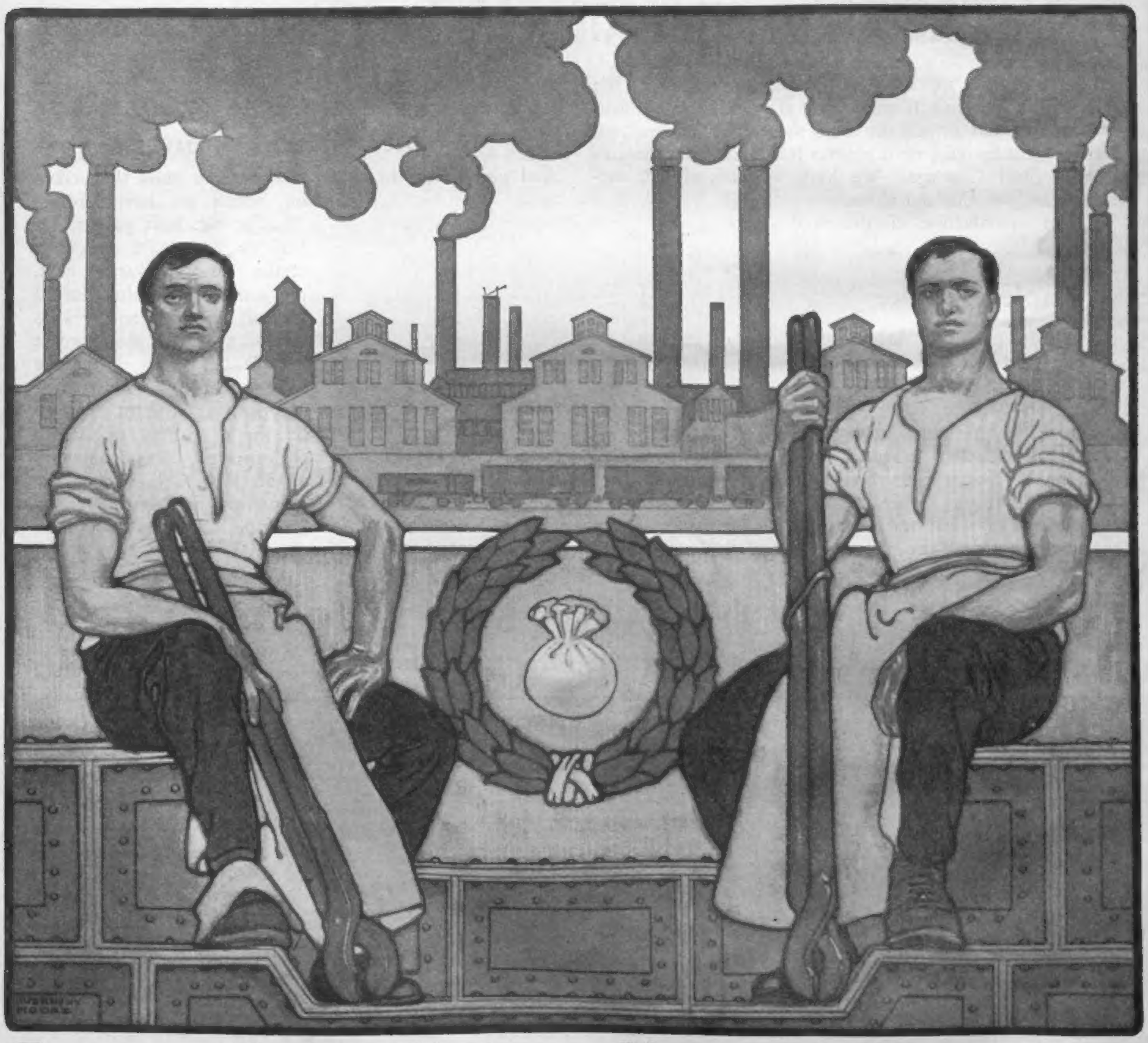
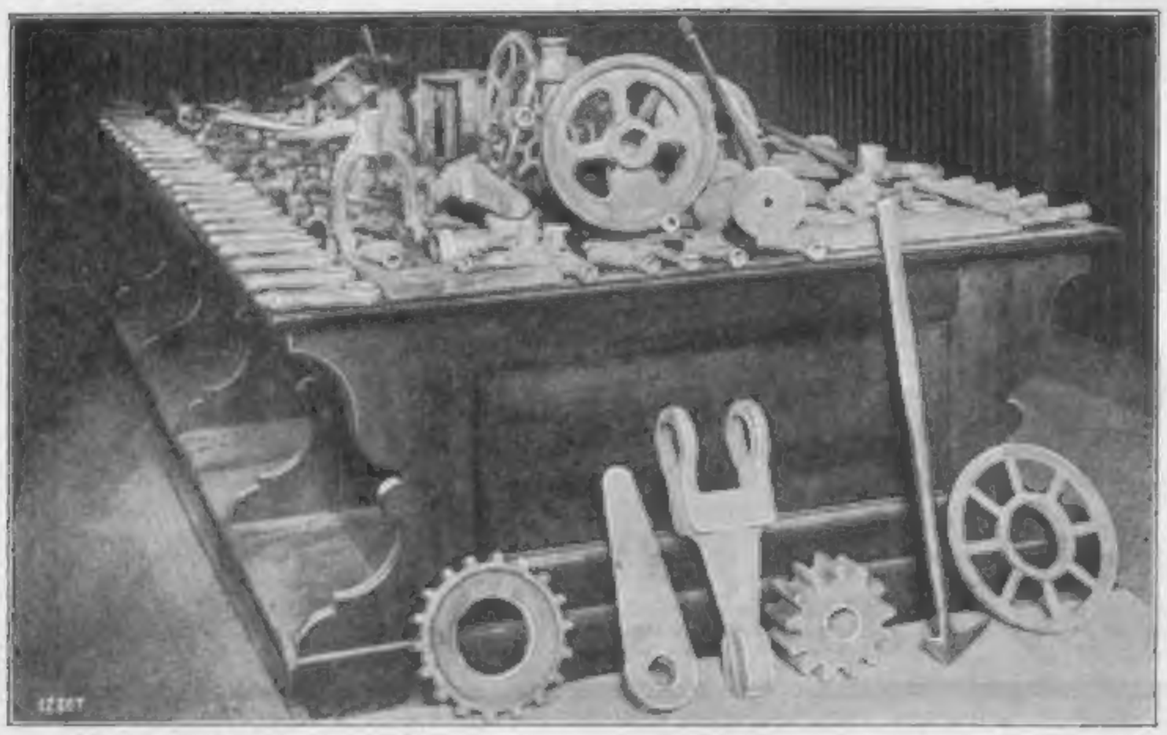
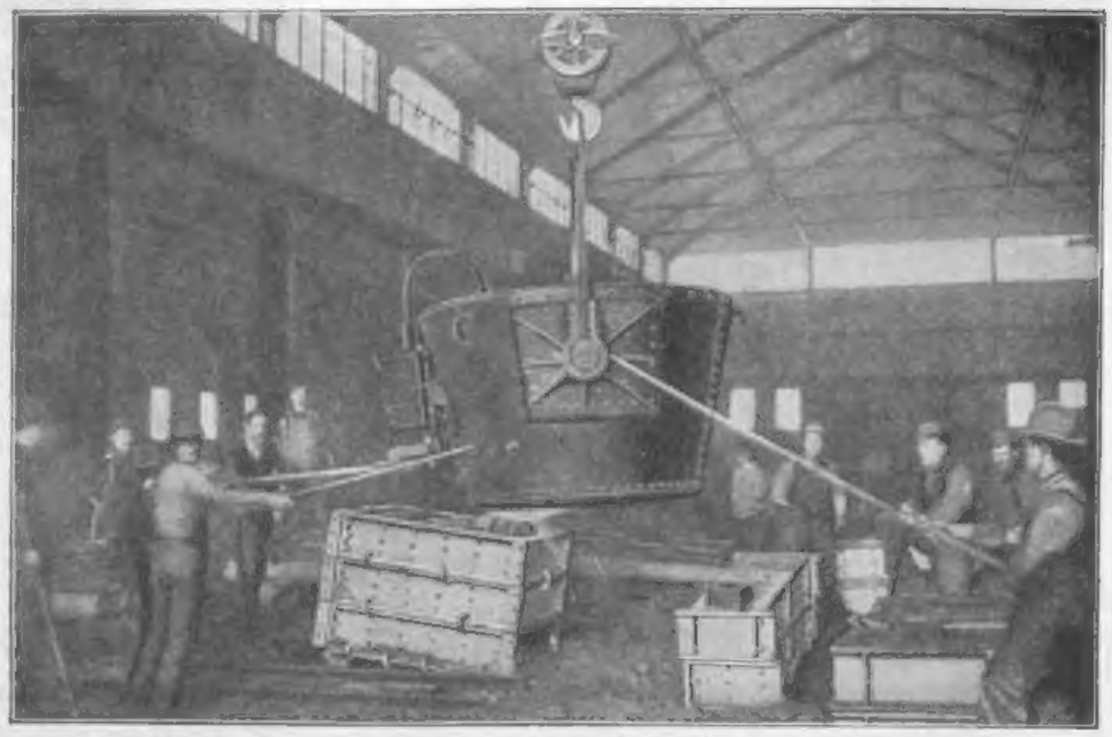


Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners





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THE UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY

Oliver and Purchase Streets, Boston, Mass.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners *By* Paul Latzke

IT WAS my privilege to be in the office of the Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburg when there occurred an event that to my mind has rarely been equaled for dramatic interest. It was the making of a millionaire. A plain, undersized young man, bearing about him all the earmarks of a hard-working mechanic, came into the outer office where I was seated. His shoes were heavy and covered with the dust peculiar to the man who labors in iron works. He wore an old black derby hat. A heavy overcoat, much the worse for wear, hung loosely from his shoulders. It was neither short nor long, but of that medium length held in high disesteem by the fashionable world of to-day. Below the overcoat there showed a pair of gray trousers, innocent of the tailor's creasing-iron, and eloquent of long service in a mill atmosphere. The man had a roll of papers, apparently plans or blue-prints, under his arm, which he hugged closely to his side as if afraid he might lose them. His hands were ungloved, though there was a snowstorm outside. They were coarse and toil-hardened, but small and well shaped.

The man's face was pale. His mouth was shaded by a thin brown mustache. It was a good, strong mouth, and the clean-shaven chin under it was a good strong chin. His eyes were bright and alert, and seemed to see everything all the time. He was, perhaps, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old.

"Mr. Schwab telegraphed for me," the man said to an attendant.

"Yes, he is waiting for you inside."

The man disappeared through a door to the left, and, as it closed behind him, one of the officers of the company to whom I had been talking said:

The Sudden Making of a Millionaire

"Did you notice that man? You did? Well, he went in there an ordinary mechanic, a foreman in one of our mills, working at a foreman's wages. In about half an hour, if you remain, you will see him come out a partner in the Carnegie Company, with the income of a millionaire."

In the Carnegie atmosphere you become accustomed very soon to millions and millionaires. At the works, in the offices, at the Duquesne Club during luncheon hour, you are constantly touching elbows with mild-mannered, plainly-dressed young men who are pointed out to you as "Carnegie men," worth anywhere from two to twenty million dollars. But this thing of having a millionaire made while you wait was a little bit strange, even in the Carnegie country, and I suppose my eyebrows went up with a show of amazed incredulity. At any rate, my informant laughed and said:

"That kind of staggers you, does it? It is true, nevertheless, and the history of that man and his experience is by no means unusual with us. He is the sort of man we are constantly on the lookout for, and when found and tested he is made a partner. There are now thirty partners in the concern, and almost without exception they came into their holdings the way that man will come into his."

"But for a man who is about to step from a mechanic's position to that of a millionaire's, he was about the most unconcerned person I ever saw."

"That was because he knew no more about it when he came in than you did. His first information will come when Mr. Schwab tells him what the company has concluded to do. He has been with the concern about seven or eight years. Most of that time he has been employed as an electrician. He has made many valuable suggestions and his worth was recognized by his promotion to the position of foreman. He has shown rare capacity in that position for handling men; this, combined with his mechanical knowledge, has pointed to him as the proper man for taking hold of a new enterprise on which the company is about to embark. You may have seen by the newspapers that we are going to build a twelve-million-dollar plant at Conneaut, Ohio. He is to have charge of the construction of the works and on their completion is to be General Manager."

"And he knew nothing of all that when he came in?"

"Nothing at all."

Unfortunately, I could not see through the two stout oaken doors that separated me from the room where Mr. Schwab was springing his little surprise on the foreman, but it required little imagination to picture the scene. Some day I hope to see it enacted on the stage; for surely here was a "situation" for any dramatist. Even through the oaken doors it thrilled me, so that the conversation on my part lapsed. The Carnegie official noted my silence smilingly for some moments. Then he said:

"Will you wait and see him come out?"

"Surely."

"Very well. I will introduce him to you."

No Change in the Lucky Man's Looks

Perhaps I expected to see a physical as well as a financial transformation when the foreman reappeared; the working raiment fallen away; broadcloth and silk hat in place of the shabby overcoat and dingy black derby; patent leathers where the dusty shoes had been, and doeskin trousers replacing the gray working "pants." Magic was in the air, and I am sure such a transformation would not have surprised me any more than the fact that when the man came out of the door again he seemed not at all changed. His pale face had a touch of color at the cheeks and his eyes were perhaps a trifle brighter, but that was all. Even the paper roll was as it had been before, and he hugged it as closely as ever. I was introduced, congratulations were tendered, and then the man with his millionaire income went his way.

"He will go home now and celebrate?" I said.

"Not he. He will get back to Homestead as quickly as he can. His work is waiting for him there and he must carry it on until his successor has been appointed. Then he will prepare for his new task."

The formation of the billion-dollar steel consolidation was announced about a month after this remarkable occurrence took place in the Carnegie offices. On account of this consolidation the Conneaut plans were abandoned, but this in no wise affected the position of the young man whose birth as a millionaire I had attended. He holds his partnership under the reorganization, and it has since been announced that he will be at the head of one of the most important plants of the reorganized company.

As I had been told, almost every one of the thirty brilliant young men who make up the Carnegie Company came into the partnership under very much the same circumstances as was the case with this latest member. The stories of their successes read like chapters in a continuous fairy tale. Mr. Schwab, who passed from the presidency of the Carnegie Company to the presidency of the billion-dollar concern, was a stake-driver for a surveying party at eighteen, and General Manager of the Homestead Steel Works at twenty-three. He it was who really conceived the idea of the huge combination that has swallowed up nearly all the great steel working properties of the company, resulting in the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, with its capital of over one thousand million dollars, and an aggregation of properties that makes the greatest enterprises heretofore known seem pigmy.

So much has been written of Mr. Schwab and the new company of which he is the head that the subject would seem to have been exhausted. But even the facts that have been printed do not convey an adequate idea of the colossal proportions of the enterprise of which Mr. Schwab is now the head. As President of the United States Steel Corporation he has an army of employees numbering over five hundred thousand. These men, with the families depending upon them, make up a community of nearly four million people. This is a larger population than is comprised in Greater New York.

According to the latest census, there are only four States in the Union that have as great or a greater population. These States are New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio. There are fifteen States whose combined population does not reach this figure; in other words, Mr. Schwab has under his jurisdiction (when those dependent on his employees are taken into consideration) a greater number of people than have the Governors of fifteen States combined. He is the master of a fleet of over two hundred and fifty ships, of three great railways, of five hundred distinct plants, of hundreds of mines, of the three greatest mineral ranges in the world, of thirty thousand coke ovens, of thousands of miles of gas mains, of hundreds of gas wells, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until the array makes one dizzy to think of it. The average king is a poor creature indeed beside this marvelous young head of the "Great Carnegie Thirty," as the members of the company are generally known in Pittsburg. Next to Mr. Schwab, probably the chief figure in the thirty is Mr. W. E. Corey, the General Superintendent of the Homestead Steel Works. Mr. Corey, it is generally considered, is the best executive among the Carnegie forces next to Mr. Schwab himself. At present Mr. Corey is in Europe. On his return, so it is generally understood in Pittsburg, he will become President of the Carnegie Company, which, under the scheme of the new organization, will maintain its present official make-up.

The Marvelous Advance of a Water-Boy

Fifteen years ago this young man (he is only thirty-three) was a water-boy at Homestead. His place was about the humblest in the works. He was a bright, active young chap, however, and soon worked into a clerkship in the office. Here he first attracted the attention of Mr. Schwab, then the General Manager of Homestead. Young Corey never seemed to know when quitting time came. The General Manager was a pretty active person himself and went over the works at all sorts of unusual hours, but no matter when he arrived on the scene, there was Corey at his work. This sort of thing naturally attracted attention in a concern where there is such a systematic lookout for good material. Corey was tested, and it was found that while he was undoubtedly the best clerk in the office, he also had an excellent understanding of the mechanical end of the works at Homestead. This, later, led to his appointment as an Assistant Superintendent. When the Carnegie Company went into the making of armor plate, Corey was selected as the head of that department. Here he scored the chief success of his career by inventing a system of reforging Harveyized plates. The Harvey patent at that time turned

out the hardest surface known in steel plates, and it was considered that further advance was impossible. But Mr. Corey improved on this by passing the plates treated by the Harvey process through an additional process, creating a surface that gave the Carnegie Company the distinction of turning out the hardest plates in the world. For this Mr. Corey was admitted to a partnership in the company, and soon afterward he was made General Superintendent of the Homestead Works.

The Man Who Sold Linen to Mr. Carnegie

Mr. A. R. Peacock, the First Vice-President and General Sales Agent of the company, has a history that in some respects is even more remarkable than that of Mr. Corey. Mr. Peacock is a young man of thirty-five and is worth anywhere from five to seven million dollars. Eleven years ago he was a linen salesman in New York, with as much knowledge of the steel business as the average man has of Mars. He knew in a general way that steel is made out of iron and that it is an important element in the industrial growth of the country, but that was about as far as he had ever gone into the subject. It happened that the house that employed Mr. Peacock received a consignment of Scotch linens woven in the town where Mr. Andrew Carnegie was born. The young salesman thought this a sufficient excuse to offer a part of this consignment to the great ironmaster. He made several calls at Mr. Carnegie's New York residence before he finally succeeded in reaching that gentleman's presence with his samples. The linen man was of Scotch extraction and he had a good limber tongue and an excellent presence.

Mr. Carnegie fell an easy victim to his wiles and purchased a fine bill of goods. Mr. Peacock was much too good a business man to let such a customer escape with one sale. He made it his business to get some more Scotch linens and to hunt Mr. Carnegie up again. Another sale was effected and afterward still another. By this time Mr. Peacock had managed to enlist the interest of Mr. Carnegie to such an extent that he felt warranted in asking for a position.

"There is not much of a future in linens," said he, "and I should like very much to get into a business that is more promising. I am sure if you give me a chance I could make myself valuable."

"We do not do business that way, young man," was Mr. Carnegie's answer. "In our company every man stands on his own bottom. People are only employed by the heads of departments. I have no power to give you a position even if I wanted to, but if you think you have it in you and could make a success of it with the Carnegie Company, why don't you go to Pittsburg and ask for a job. You can get one if you demonstrate that you will be valuable."

Mr. Peacock saved his money, got a leave of absence from the linen house, and journeyed to Pittsburg. There he brought his powers to bear on the Purchasing Agent to such good purpose that he obtained a clerkship. He resigned his place with the linen house and went into the new work heart and soul. He got into the sales department and in a few years had worked himself up to the position of General Local Sales Agent of Pittsburg. Here he expanded the business of the company so enormously that the company made him its General Sales Agent and a partner in the concern, and afterward elected him its First Vice-President.

Winning in Spite of Relationship

Mr. Lawrence C. Phipps is a remote connection of Henry Phipps, who was one of Mr. Carnegie's early partners when the firm was Carnegie, Phipps & Co. He found this connection a severe handicap when he managed, on his own account, to get a minor clerkship with the Carnegie Steel Company. Mr. Carnegie's success is due in no small measure to the fact that he has always frowned on nepotism. Instead of being aided by the fact that he has a relative in a high position in the company, an employee has always found himself handicapped by that fact. His abilities are much more closely scrutinized and his advancement is made much more difficult. Young Phipps soon discovered this difficulty and worked resolutely to overcome it. It was an up-hill fight, but by putting in many

(Continued on Page 16)

Why Young Men Should Begin at the Bottom

By Charles A. Schieren

Former Mayor of Brooklyn

NO MATTER how wealthy a young man's family may be, the place for him to start in business is at the bottom. Unfortunately, there are many who think otherwise. They believe that the sons of rich fathers should not be required to "bother" about business until the "old man" becomes incapacitated, either through illness or death, from looking after affairs. Then the young men feel they will be quite content to get into harness and "run" things. That is a fine theory, and on the whole, the young men who hold it are generally honest and well-meaning enough. The trouble is that they do not know how to "run" things when the time comes. That is the main reason why so few old business establishments survive with us. The heirs upon whom the perpetuation of the business would naturally devolve are not inclined to begin as their fathers did, immediately on leaving school. They are not content to learn things from the ground up, and when the father's death puts them in command they almost invariably make a failure of it, unless there is some outside blood in the concern, some junior partner who is capable of carrying on affairs. But dependence on outsiders is a flimsy foundation to build on. The United States has grown great through its merchants and manufacturers; if it is to maintain its greatness the descendants of these merchants and manufacturers must be content to carry on the enterprises they inherit. To carry them on successfully they must know every detail of the business. To have such knowledge they must start on the lowest round of the ladder in the factory or in the shop.

In my own case, I urge upon my sons the necessity of starting at the bottom of my business and mastering every detail in the art of tanning and manufacturing leather, so that whenever they are called upon to manage the whole or any part of the business they will be competent and can command the confidence of the trade. I hope that when I am ready to retire from the active part of the business it will be conducted as well and better than I myself have conducted it; better, because the young men who are to succeed me will have the advantages of modern training and modern ideas that did not prevail when I started out.

The Man Who Controlled His Employer

It was my good fortune to experience when I began business life an object-lesson of the danger and annoyance that come to the man who does not understand his business in all its branches. At the head of the firm in whose employ I was as clerk was a strong, forceful business man. He was an excellent merchant, but ignorant of the purchasing end of his concern, and no practical manufacturer. The result was that he was dependent absolutely on the judgment and good will of his foreman, a drunken, worthless, bullyragging man who made the most of the power that the "old man's" ignorance gave him. Whenever the merchant went into the market to buy material he had to take the foreman with him to tell him what to select. He never bought a pound of leather without having the foreman tag after him to pass on its value. I had made up my mind to adopt the leather business as a career, and the object-lesson given by the domination of this foreman and the helplessness of the "old man" made me resolve that I would study and master the business in all its branches. Though I was a clerk, I learned the practical part of manufacturing and learned to operate every machine. I was not content merely to know what a machine did, but investigated for myself the processes by which the work was accomplished. The result was that very early in my career I found many defects in machinery that had for years been accepted as perfect in our trade. This knowledge enabled me to invent many improvements in the machinery and gave me a decided advantage over my competitors when I went into business for myself. I doubt whether any piece of mechanism ever invented is so perfect that the man who acquaints himself with it cannot after a while see a chance for some improvement. To the man who sees, suggestions are constantly occurring.

When electric machinery first came into use, progress was long retarded in its general application by difficulties with the belting. At that time there was no direct connection between the dynamo and the engine, as there is to-day. Large belts, made very even, pliable and of great strength, were required to run the dynamos. The generation of electricity was made possible only by the highest speed, and the machinery ran with such velocity that it required belting of peculiar construction, and in many sections of equal tension, to withstand the great strain.

In the leather trade the new electrical machinery created a demand for big belting—at that time a most profitable branch of our industry. In order to enlarge our business in this field I began an investigation and found that machinery revolving at such an enormous speed formed an air cushion under the belt, which, after a while, threw the belt off. The remedy was very simple once these facts were understood. We simply punched the belt full of holes. This allowed the air to escape and prevented the forming of the cushion.

The Need for Understanding Every Detail

That incident illustrates the point I desire to make—the necessity for investigating and understanding everything connected with the business in which you are engaged. This necessity will increase every year. The science of business has changed entirely within the quarter of a century. The key to success is now held by the man who can turn out the best product at the lowest price. Formerly the margin of profit in business was larger, and the field of operation was more restricted, so that a few cents more or less in the cost of producing an article counted for very little. Now competition is so keen that the successful business man must rely upon the volume of his sales for his earnings and be content to trade on a very narrow margin. The man who can undersell his neighbor by an eighth of a cent is the one who controls the market. The only way such underselling is possible is by making every process of the business perfect. New methods must be constantly studied out and the most economical processes must be employed. To-day concerns are made or unmade by taking or not taking advantage of savings in manufacture that formerly would have been scorned. In the nature of things it is impossible for a man to hold his own under such conditions unless he knows his business thoroughly.

There are exceptions; cases in which men have made a great success in a business that they entered without any previous training or knowledge. Such a case I may relate which stands out very prominently here in the leather district in New York. The business was founded more than a half century ago by a pushing, enterprising, hard-working man. He had two sons. Shortly after the sons left college their father was stricken with a fatal illness, and the boys found themselves in control of a concern of the working of which they knew nothing. The business left by their father had a wide reputation, but despite this fact it was generally prophesied that the business would suffer in the hands of the inexperienced young sons. Fortunately, these two were exceptional young men. They threw aside all their pleasures and plunged headlong into business. They happened to have the mental equipment necessary for success, coupled with great strength of character. Instead of failing, as every one prophesied they would, they enlarged and built up the business until, to-day, it is far beyond the dreams of their father in his lifetime.

But theirs is an exceptional case, and I can recall only a few other instances. I have seen house after house die out because its heirs were not trained to carry on its affairs.

A College Training and its High Value

The thing that undoubtedly helped the young men in the case I mention was the fact that they received a thorough college training. I know that Mr. Carnegie and other distinguished men who have been self-made have gone on record as against a college training for a business man. My own experience does not bear out this conclusion. I believe that nothing so well equips a young man for a successful business career, either as a manufacturer or a merchant, or both, as does a complete college course. If, in addition, he has had special professional and technical training, so much the better. The college graduate loses four or five years of actual experience, but he soon makes up for this if he is made of the right metal.

Of course, I am now speaking of the right sort of young men, not the dandy whose college training has given him an exalted opinion of himself. I am speaking of the college graduate who is willing to begin where the ordinary apprentice began; who is willing, if he is going into the leather business, to scrape hides, and if he is going into the counting-room, to do the work of an office boy. In one year such a young man will learn as much about the business as the ordinary boy, unequipped with a college education, will learn in three. He comes to the business with a disciplined mind, and with a taste for research and investigation, which mean everything in modern business. It is not too much to say that the college-trained man is equipped with forces that enable him inevitably to outstrip those of his competitors who have not had his advantages.

People who think otherwise are misled, I believe, by taking as the basis of their deduction the conditions as they were and not as they are. Under the old business methods, when our system was as crude as our machinery, it made no particular difference whether or not a man had such training as is required in college. It was more a question of industry, willingness to work long hours and to dispense with ordinary social recreations. To-day, business is a science, and the scientifically-equipped man is the one who will succeed. A boy is justified in making any sort of reasonable sacrifice to go through college. He will get a foundation on which, if he is the right kind, he is certain to rear a substantial business success.

Only recently I had in my own business an illustration that bears out this conclusion. In all our departments we try to be thoroughly modern and up-to-date, because we know that that is essential to continued prosperity and success. My greatest fear is that I shall become old-fashioned, that I shall fail to keep pace with the rapid advance of modern improvements; and I am continually impressing upon my people the importance of pointing out to me any indication that I am slipping behind. Improvement is so rapid that machinery that is of the highest type to-day may be

antiquated in six months, and it then becomes the duty of a progressive business man to throw it out and replace it with the modern appliances. It is a costly process as a first proposition, but the new machinery soon pays for itself in a larger and better product. Holding such views, it is conceivable that our appliances are as modern as any.

The Lesson Taught by a Young Man

It was a young man fresh from college who taught us otherwise, at least in one particular. He was employed by us in one of our main tanneries. This institution was in charge of a man who was competent, bright, energetic and, so far as any of us in the trade knew, thoroughly up-to-date. The college graduate was put to work in the vats, scraping hides and doing other manual labor necessary to the education of a good tanner. He had not been at work many months when, thanks to his training, he suggested an improvement that saved many thousands of dollars. We had on our premises a deep-well system that supplied the works with water pumped from a depth of seven hundred feet. The pump broke one day, as it had done before, and stopped the works. The young man pointed out that an air pump was much more reliable, much more effective, much more economical. His knowledge enabled him to prove to us his conclusions. The air pump was put in. Then he suggested that the same system might be utilized in other directions and do away with a half-dozen small steam pumps that handled the tanning liquids; we could make the one air pump do the work of all, he said, by an inexpensive system of piping. Such economies are invaluable to a manufacturing concern, and we are all striving after them. He also suggested the establishment of a laboratory for the treatment of the spent bark—that is, the bark that had been used up, according to the tanning standards that had always prevailed. His course in chemistry enabled him to make tests of this spent bark which showed that the most improved processes that had been employed up to this time still left a large percentage of tannic acid. We erected a laboratory, according to his suggestions, and now we save this percentage and use up all the acid in the bark.

That young man has a career beyond a peradventure. He has realized on the expense of his college education. It by no means follows, however, that every man should go to college. This question must be determined in each case separately. Where there is a strong disinclination it would be a waste of time and money to force a boy through college, and in many cases it might ruin his usefulness in after life. The amount of harm done in this world by parents who force their children into a scheme of life improperly adapted to the inclination and abilities of the children, is incalculable. It is also inexcusable. Without exception, it is always the case that the vocation for which a young man is specially fitted is manifest long before the period when his future is to be fixed upon. The young man himself generally has a very clear idea of what he would like to do, and this idea, carefully sifted and discussed, generally forms a very safe guide. Too many boys who have no business talent are forced into business. They might make excellent artists or writers or lawyers or physicians, but because their fathers happen to be merchants or manufacturers they, too, are compelled to become merchants or manufacturers. The whole future happiness of a boy is made or unmade by the choice of his occupation, and no question should be more carefully weighed. The boy himself, if he feels himself unfitted for the pursuits selected for him, should make vigorous protest.

The Careful Planning of One's Future

Of course, I do not mean that he should be rebellious and disobedient, but, after all, it is his own future that is being decided, and he should see to it that he has a voice in the decision. He should examine himself very carefully and then present his case to those who have his disposition in charge. To force the boy with a mechanical bent into a counting-room is like forcing an oak into a conservatory. The successful men in this world, and the happy ones, are those whose occupation has been fitted to their special capability. The boy who would make a good manufacturer is rarely fitted to be a good merchant. This being the case, he should associate himself, when he enters business for himself as a manufacturer, with a man who is a merchant and who understands how to introduce the goods which he manufactures.

The desire that boys shall be in the business promising the greatest financial returns often results in forcing a young man into a sphere in which he becomes, perhaps, an indifferent success. Even if he becomes a wealthy banker or merchant, it is by no means a certainty that the choice he was forced to make was best. Money is not the only thing in life. In fact, money ranks pretty far back among the desirable things to be gained here on earth. I mean, of course, money for itself. The possession of money is an excellent thing; it is essential to our comfort and well-being, but the young man who sets before him the making of money as the main object of his life will find himself terribly mistaken in later years. Money will come of itself; there is no great difficulty in that. Let the young man start out right, start out in a thorough fashion, knowing all the ins and outs of the occupation he has chosen for himself, and the possession of money will come inevitably. A man should learn to control money and not permit money to control him.

When Mr. Carnegie started out in life he had no idea that he would ever retire with two hundred million dollars. His fortune came as the result of his close application to a work for which he was especially fitted. The men who start out at the beginning with the idea that money must be made regardless of everything else generally get into trouble and almost invariably fail miserably. Even when they accumulate the money that they have so yearned for, it becomes a curse rather than a blessing; they do not know how to enjoy it nor how to enjoy life. The formation of character, the building up of a reputation for honesty and straight dealing, and the living of a clean life, are much more satisfactory than the possession of millions. Money is worth only what you can get out of its possession, and I know plenty of men who are worth millions and who are yet the most miserable creatures in the world.

Nothing is more pernicious than the idea often advanced that money makes the man, regardless of how he got it. In politics, some men have grown rich through dishonest practices, but none of them, so far as I could ever see, got out of life what he might have gotten if his money had been untainted. And even in politics the men who are both successful and dishonest are comparatively few. People generally may not believe this, because, somehow, they seem to think that the average man in politics is necessarily a crook. As a matter of fact, the standard of honesty among politicians is very much higher than outsiders give them credit for. Somehow, we have gotten into the habit of making all sorts of general charges against men who are in political life. While I was Mayor, allegations were made again and again against men in office. I always made careful investigation, but found very little to warrant such charges. It is a very serious drawback that men, no matter how honest they may be, cannot go into politics without laying themselves open to charges of corruption. When I assumed office the city of Brooklyn was entirely in control of the Democratic machine politicians. I went in as a reformer and studied the situation conscientiously. As a result, I have no hesitation in saying that the average public official and employee is about as clean and honest as the average man in business or elsewhere. Crookedness pays no better in politics than it does in business, and that it does not pay in business can be demonstrated by any one who tries it.

The most valuable asset a business house has is a reputation for honesty. The young business man can well afford to sacrifice temporary gain secured at the cost of straightforward methods, and accept a temporary loss that comes through right dealing. No great house in the world has ever knowingly done a dishonest thing; that is an axiom. The man who starts out in the retail business by giving short weight will never establish a wholesale business. In our own concern, enormous business transactions are conducted entirely on faith and the reputation of the firm we deal with. We buy hides by telegraph from Armour & Co. and other standard packers in Chicago, and have them shipped to our tanneries and pay for them without seeing them. Mr. Philip Armour, from the very outset of his career, was known in the trade as an honest, square-dealing man who never took advantage of those who traded with him; he always delivered the goods that they ordered, and we have faith in his firm accordingly. When we buy hides of a concern that has no such reputation we make a most careful inspection. Therefore, the value of honesty as an asset is clearly manifest.

When I started out for myself I was tempted, as all young business men are, with propositions involving dishonest practices and bribery in one form and another. I always let those chances go by, because I felt their unsoundness as a business proposition. Sometimes it was pretty trying to see men who had no scruples making a lot of money, but experience soon taught me that their good fortune was only temporary. At this day I know of no concern, either in my own line of business or outside of it, that started out on crooked lines that maintained its success.

Men Who Found Ruin in Trickery

Even the man who is instinctively dishonest will find it pays him to be honest in business and to let the other fellow take advantage of the crooked opportunities. I could relate many instances in my business experience that prove this, but a few will suffice. In one case a bright, smart young man made two thousand dollars on a failure by making a compromise with his creditors. He came to me afterward and boasted over his sharpness; to-day he is walking the streets, a poor, wretched being, who attributes his failure in life to hard luck.

In another case a man who was in business in my neighborhood realized a thousand dollars by selling a large block of goods on the strength of false statements. It seemed a large sum of money, a fabulous sum in those days to me, and for a time it appeared to me that there was not really very much in the doctrine that "Honesty is the best policy." But after a few years that man was a bankrupt.

Another firm composed of three bright men started out to get the best of all their competitors by bribing employees in the houses with which they did business. Two of those men died drunkards and a third wound up his career on the streets, a total wreck.

As business is shaping itself to-day, dishonesty is even a worse handicap than it was under the old conditions. The vast combinations of capital that are coming in all pursuits make exact conditions imperative. To the straightforward man who knows his business from the bottom up, the new conditions offer even better opportunities than did the old, but they also present more exacting demands. They require absolute knowledge of the branch in which the young man operates. They prohibit the spreading over too much ground. The young man needs to stick to one thing and master it. He needs to study closely the mistakes he makes and to profit by them. If he does this, success will crown his efforts.

The Intrepid Bee

By Carolyn Wells

THERE lived a Bee—who, though
quite small,
Was not a busy bee at all.
No aim in life—no cares had he;
This bee had nought to do but be.

One day by chance he overheard
A passing stranger's passing word;
Deeply and long he pondered on it—
'Twas of a bee in some one's bonnet!

"A bonnet!" thought the bumptious bee;
"That would be just the place for me!
What residence is so correct
For one exclusive and select?"

Now it fell out that very day
Miss Amorilla came that way,
Wearing (as you no doubt foresee)
A rose-decked bonnet. Then the bee

Exclaimed: "Hurrah! My luck is great.
How all things come to those who wait!"
And with a sudden cry, "Here goes!"
He plunged into the reddest rose!

Its honey he essayed to suck,
But found instead that he was stuck—
And from a snarl of cotton-wool
In vain his legs he tried to pull.

Within his mouth was *such* a taste—
Aniline dye and glue and paste—
While wires and stiffened muslin things
Scratched his poor eyes and tore his wings.

But, though in dire and luckless plight,
He kicked and pushed with all his might,
And somehow managed to get free,
A sadder and a wiser bee.

The Moral, pointed like the bee's own sting,
Adorns the tale, and should this lesson bring:
A little learning is a dangerous thing.

THE OUTCASTS *By* W. A. Fraser

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A'tim shrank into a very small parcel on the log

FIFTH CHAPTER—CONTINUED

WAS there ever such a queer happening?" exclaimed Shag, staring after the vanished figure of the Cow. A'tim had followed with eager gallop, inwardly reviling the ill luck which had snatched from him the mighty Kill of the fat Bull. The Cow Buffalo was, perhaps, only one of those spirit animals that prowl at night and utter strange cries.

Also had they galloped miles past the muskeg trap, and A'tim dared not take the Bull back; some new plan must be devised for his destruction.

"Where did she come from?" puffed Shag, his froth-covered tongue lolling from between big, thick lips; "where did she come from, A'tim, you who know the Northland forests?"

"She's a Wood Buffalo," answered the Dog-Wolf.

"What's a Wood Buffalo?" asked Shag.

"They are even as yourself, Great Bull; driven from the plains by the many-breathed Fire-stick, they have come to this good Range of the Northland. They go not in Herds, but few together, as Mooswa and others of the forest."

"Why did she run away, Brother A'tim?" grunted Shag, lying down to rest.

The Dog-Wolf laughed disagreeably. "That is but the way of the Cow kind," he answered.

"No," said Shag decisively; "she was frightened."

"She was," assented A'tim; "Ghur-r-r! I should say so."

"At what?" asked Shag.

"Forgive me, Brother, but most assuredly she was frightened by you."

"By me—am I not of her kind?"

"Yes, but how should she know? Are you like a Buffalo, Shag? Your hide is bare and scarred, and perhaps she took you for some evil thing."

Shag looked ruefully at his great, scraggy sides, so like an Elephant's, only more disreputable, and sighed resignedly. "I suppose I can't help it," he muttered.

"You can, Shag; if you will but eat of the Fur Flower it will cure this evil disease which is in your blood, and bring back the beautiful silk coat that was the envy of the Buffalo Range."

"Do you speak the truth, Dog-Wolf?" asked Shag.

"Most surely. All the Dwellers in the Northland know that. Are not all the Forest-Dwellers full haired?"

"And this Fur Flower, A'tim; where is it?"

"Less than a day's trail," answered the Dog-Wolf.

"Find it for me, kind Brother," begged the Bull. "When one frightens those of his own kind it is time to try something."

As they plodded through the forest A'tim muttered: "Now I shall surely have this vain old Bull. The Death Coulee is close to Porcupine Water, and that is not far. Shag shall eat of the Death Flower, which I have called the Fur Flower, to improve his appearance; and when he is dead I will eat of him to improve mine."

A three hours' tramp and they came to a little valley rich in bright yellow grass, topped by a stately plant that nodded and rustled in the wind as its many seed pods swayed like strings of dark pearls. It was the Monkshood, the deadly aconite, which, when the summer was young, hung its helmet flower in a shimmering veil of blue over the sweet grass of the Death Valley—the valley known of all animals as the Coulee of the Long Rest, for he who browsed there found his limbs bound in the steel cords of death.

"There," said A'tim, nodding his head at the bronze gold of the many Monkshood, "there is the Fur Flower. It will be dry eating now, being of a season's age, but in the early feed-time it is sweet and tender. While you eat of it I shall rest here."

A strong rustling of grass almost at their heels caused the Dog-Wolf to spring to his feet in alarm.

"Eu-h-h, eu-h-h! here is the accursed Cow again. Where in the name of Forest Fools have you come from—why do you follow us?" exclaimed A'tim.

"It is the way of my kind," she replied, "to follow a Herd Leader; there is no harm in that."

Into the big, sleepy eyes of Shag crept a pleased look.

"Where go you, Great Bull?" she asked.

"To eat of this Fur Flower my kind Brother, A'tim, has told me will bring back my coat: a soft, silky coat it was, too."

"Eat of that—that which is the Death Grass growing in the Valley of the Long Rest! You must wish to die; our Herd Leader, who was even of your size, Great Bull, ate of it, and died like a stricken Calf."

"What is this?" demanded Shag, his big, honest eyes turned on A'tim with a wondering look of unbelief.

"A lie," quoth A'tim; "the Cow is full of a stupid duplicity; perhaps she even killed this Herd Leader by some trick, and blames it on the innocent Fur Flower. Does it look like a poison herb, Wise Bull? Is it like the scraggy Loco Plant of the South Ranges? Has it not the beautiful blossom of a good herb? Would Wie-sah-ke-chack, who is wise, put such a tempting coat on a death plant?"

Shag looked puzzled. Why should A'tim wish him to eat of a Death Flower; and yet, there was the graze of the Wolf's fang on his thigh that time they came up out of La Biche River. That surely had the full flavor of treachery about it. His ponderous mind worked slowly over the tortuous puzzle.

"I am a stranger here," he said, "and know little of these herbs, but this Dog-Wolf, who is also an Outcast like myself, has trailed from the Southland with me, and we have been even as Brothers. Thinking perhaps that my rough coat was not so fine as it once was, I listened to the speech of this Dog-Wolf to the end that this blue-flowered herb will cause the soft, beautiful hair to grow again."

"It is the Death Flower," declared the Cow with sententious persistence; "and this Outcast Wolf is a traitor, for if he is from the Northland he also knows that, even as in the Southland they know the Loco Plant."

A'tim slunk back nervously and watched Shag with wary caution.

"Do you believe this lie, Shag, my dear Friend? Ghur-r-r-ah! Do you think I would do such a thing? This lone Cow, who is also an Outcast because of some wrong thing, must be locoed (mad)—even as every Herd has one such."

"I am wise enough not to eat of the Death Flower, by the knowledge of our kind. But you can prove all this, Herd Leader—let the Dog-Wolf eat of this medicine plant, if it be harmless."

This clever idea pleased the Bull mightily. "Yes, A'tim," he cried; "the Cow, who is but a Buffalo, and, of course, has not the great Wolf wisdom, may be mistaken. You who are an eater of grasses when you are ill, eat of this Fur Flower, as you name it; then also I will eat in great faith—after a little," he added in an undertone.

A'tim walked backward a few paces hesitatingly, and, looking wondrous hurt, said in a deprecating voice: "Ghur-r-r-h, eu-h-h! I have been a friend to you, Lone Bull, even a Brother in Solitude; and now at the word of a stranger, a silly Cow, who having done some wrong has been outcasted from her Herd, you lose faith in me, and treat me as a traitor."

Still farther into the tangle of birch and poplar he backed, saying: "Of course, I couldn't expect you to take my part against a sleek-hided Buffalo Cow."

With a sudden spring he turned, and barked derisively as he loped through the forest: "Good-by, bald-hided old Bull; I will bring harm to you because of this."

"I think you were just in time," said Shag to the Cow; "that Dog-Wolf meant my death."

Then Shag learned from the Buffalo Cow that she was one of a Herd of six, and that the Herd was not very far away; that they were unguarded because of the loss of their Leader through the Death Flower, even as she had said. Willingly Shag went with her, making many protestations as to his disreputable appearance, and the unfitness of his well-worn stub horns to battle for them; but he went.

SIXTH CHAPTER

A'TIM slunk through the forest, his lean body filled with nothing but the rage of disappointed appetite. "I'm starving!" he gasped; "starving! I must have something to eat. By the feast that is in a dead Buffalo! if that evil-minded Cow had also eaten of the Death Flower when her Bull did, as she says, I should now be closer friend than ever with old Shag—Shag, the fool."

A large dead cottonwood, rotted to the heart till its flesh was like red earth mould, lay across his path like an unburied Redskin. "Should be Grub Worms here," muttered A'tim, sniffing at the moss shroud which clothed the tree corpse. In famine haste he tore with strong claws at the crumbling mass. One, two, three large Grubs full of a white fat twisted and squirmed at their rude awakening; the Dog-Wolf swallowed them greedily. "Eu-h-h! Hi, yi! Such a tiny morsel," he whined plaintively; "they but give life to the famine pains which were all but dead through starvation. Wait you, fool Bull—I'll crack your ribs with my strong teeth yet! But small as the Grubs are, there should be more."

With swift diligence A'tim excavated, grumblingly, until his gaunt form was half buried in the hole.

Three Gray Shadows were creeping in stealthy silence upon his flank; owing to his anxious work A'tim was oblivious to the approaching trouble.

"E-e-yah!" and quick as a slipping sound that fluttered his ear A'tim was up on the dead cottonwood, only to find himself peering into the lurid eyes of a huge Wolf.

Like war stars, four other balls of light gleamed at him from a close crescent. The Outcast was clever. Surely this was a case for diplomacy; he had no desire to feed three hungry Wolves with his thin carcass.

"You startled me, Brothers," he said, grinning nervously.

"I did not mean to," replied the Pack Leader; "my foot slipped on a wet leaf."

"Ye-e-s—just so," hesitated A'tim in deprecating voice; "so fortunate—I mean—Brothers, I'm sorry I can't offer you good eating—there were only three Grubs——"

"Oh, don't mention it!" exclaimed the Wolf; "no doubt we shall find something for dinner presently—don't you think so, children?" he asked, turning to the others.

"I was going to say," recommenced the Outcast, "that I could not ask you to eat just here, but I was actually on my way to invite you to a big feeding."

The Timber Wolf bared his fangs in a grin of derisive unbelief. His comrades blinked at one another solemnly. "Was there ever such a liar!"

A'tim coughed nervously and continued his politic address. "I heard your powerful bay, Pack Leader, hours ago, as I was attending to a little trailing matter I had on hand, and resolved to invite you to the Kill when I had located the trailed one."

"That's good news," answered the Wolf, "for we are wondrous hungry," and he edged closer to the Outcast.

A'tim shrank into a very small parcel on the log. "I, too, have been sick for the need of food. I have starved, actually starved, for a moon; why, I am nothing but skin and bone; the smallest creature, even a weasel, would find it difficult to fill his stomach from my lean ribs. Besides, I have eaten off a plague-stricken Rabbit but a day since, and my blood is on fire—though there's not much of it, to be sure. I'm filled with the accursed plague poison—I believe there's enough of it in my poor, thin body to bring to their death a whole Wolf Pack."

"That's serious!" exclaimed the Gray Wolf; "but you'd die anyway, so it doesn't matter—I mean, never mind about that just now. Gh-u-r-r-h! what of this great Kill?"

"Well, Brother Wolves——"

"Brother *Wolves?*" questioned the other with a sneer tinge in his gruff voice; "thou art overthick in the shoulder for a Wolf."

"I never saw ears like yours on a Wolf, Newcomer," said one of the youngsters; "they are short and round like those of the Huskie Dog we ate. Is that not so?" he asked, turning to the Leader.

"Yes, indeed; we ate him, I'm ashamed to say—for Dog meat is horrible—but what is one to do when there's naught else in the Boundaries?"

A'tim shuddered; their merciless eyes gleamed with the ferocity of famine. Neither his strength nor his speed, which had so often stood him in good stead, would avail him this time; nothing but his half-breed duplicity—Wolf cunning and Dog wisdom.

"But I *am* a Wolf," he reiterated; "else why should I seek your company at my Kill?"

"We were easily found," sneered the Wolf; "we did not take much calling, did we? Knowing your desire for our fellowship, we kept you not waiting—E-e-ah, Lone Dog? But where hunts the Pack that carry their tails curled over their backs like Train Dogs?"

"It's because of my nervousness—you startled me," pleaded A'tim; "also my seat is narrow."

"And the big, round feet, Lone Dog? They leave not a Wolf track. And you're broad in the loin, and heavy in the jowl, and short in the leg—a Dog, a Hermit Dog, by the knowledge that has come to me of age."

"I'm a Wolf from the Southland," maintained A'tim. "We shape different there. Our meat is the flesh of Buffalo, and our Kill is because of strength, and not speed—therefore we are of a strong build. You are of the Northland; swift as the wind, and long running, Great Wolf—you and your beautiful Sons—yet was I eager for your company at this Kill, which has taken me days to arrange."

"Buh-h, buh-ha! his great Kill! and here is the killer slaying fierce, white Wood Grubs—but never mind; what of the Kill, Lone Dog?"

"What say you to a Buffalo—a fat, young Bull?" asked A'tim, heaving a sigh of relief; "would not that be a dinner fit for a great Pack Leader, like yourself?"

"A Buffalo?" queried the Wolf incredulously. "I have heard of such in these forests, but I come from the North, and have never seen them—have we, Sons?"

"Never," they answered, closing in on A'tim.

"Even to-day I trailed one, and was on my way to ask you to the Kill, as is the way of the Wolf kind. I am no Dog, to kill and eat in secret."

"It's truly noble to feed your friends," declared the Wolf. He snapped viciously at A'tim's throat with fang-lined jaws. The Dog-Wolf jumped back nervously.

"Wait, Brothers," he pleaded; "you do not believe me, I see—let us go together, and if I do not show you this Buffalo, waiting for the Kill, then——"

"Yes, then——" sneered the Wolf; "if you fail to show us this Buffalo, then——" He grinned diabolically in A'tim's face.

"E-e-u-h, I know," exclaimed the Dog-Wolf, stepping down gingerly from the log. "You may keep close; I will show you that I have spoken no lie."

Together, one Wolf on either side of A'tim and one behind, they glided along his back trail till they came to the scene of his caustic farewell to Shag. Suddenly the Pack Leader stopped, buried his nose in a hoof hole and sniffed with discriminating intentness.

"If-if-if-fh-h! By my scent, 'tis not Mooswa—nor Caribou. What say you, Sons? Perhaps it is the Buffalo of which the Lone Dog speaks. Phew-yi, hi! Another trail call. Here are two of these big-footed creatures, be they Buffalo, or what—you spoke of but one, Lone Dog; Wolves do not tackle a Herd."

"Only a silly Cow," answered A'tim. "She will flee at the first blood cry."

The big Wolf softened a trifle. Surely here was prospect of a mighty Kill. There would be much flesh feeding and blood drinking till they were gorged. And the Lone Dog would keep. When the Buffalo were eaten, then—— He looked grimly at A'tim's attenuated form. "Not much to tempt one after the sweet meat of a Grass Feeder," he muttered disconsolately. "How shall we make the Kill, Lone Dog?" he asked.

"When we have trailed them down watch till they feed apart and stampede the Cow with a fierce rush full of much cry; then all on the Bull—two in front, to put him at bay, and two behind with sharp teeth for the hamstring. That will lay him helpless as a new Calf."

"Thou art a Leader of Sorts, Lone Dog; but why not the Cow first? It's an easier task, and better eating."

"Ah, my Brothers! I see you have never run the Kings of the Prairie. While you were busy with the Cow, what think you the Bull would be doing—brushing his mane with a wet tongue? His strong horns, stronger than Wolf tusks, would be ripping your ribs, and the weight of his huge forehead would be breaking your backs—flat as a fallen leaf he would crush you. No, no; by my knowledge of these things, first the Bull—after, the Cow will be easy."

All this logic, sound though it seemed, was born of A'tim's desire for revenge upon old Shag for refusing to be murdered.

"Well, it is your Run and your Kill, and to the trailer the say of the Kill is our law," answered the Wolf; "lead us to the eating, and make haste lest we get too hungry."

But A'tim had started ere the Wolf had finished his implied threat. Nose to the ground, and tail almost as straight as a true Wolf's, he raced through the ghost forms of silent poplars, sheered by the autumn winds of their gold-leaf mantle. Over wooded upland and through lowland cradling the treacherous muskeg, spruce-shielded and moss-bedded, he followed the trail of old Shag and his Cow mate. Ever at his flank, one on either side, sped the young Wolves, and, lapping their quarters, loped in easy stride their giant Sire. In the Dog-Wolf's heart were revenge and the prospect of much eating, and the diplomacy that was to save his life.

"This strange Run is surely from the hand of Wie-sah-ke-chack," muttered the Pack Leader, "and of the end I have no knowledge, but, by the memory of my long fast, there will be food at the end of it for me and the Pups."

Through a black cemetery of fire-killed trees, the charred limbs cracking harshly under their eager feet, they swept. Suddenly the trail kinked sharply to the right, and the Dog-Wolf, swift-rushing, overshot it. "E-u-h! at fault," he muttered. "Some trick of the fool Cow's." Back and forth, back and forth like Setters the four Killers scurried.

"H-o-o-oh! here away!" cried A'tim, picking it up; and on again galloped the Gray Hunters.

At Towatano Creek the trail went into the air; at least it was no longer of the earth. Straight to the south bank it had led, but on the north there was nothing; nothing but the hoot of a frightened Arctic Owl that swirled off into the forest because of their impetuous blood cry.

"They are not wet to their death," cried the Wolf, "for here is little water."

It was as though the Bisons had crawled into a cave, only there was no burrow in sight—nothing. A'tim was confused.

"Surely thou art a Dog," cried the Wolf disdainfully; "they have gone up the water, or they have gone down the water. This is no young Bull we follow, for he has the wisdom which comes with age; that, or this Cow has the duplicity of a Mother guarding her Calf."

"I will search up, and do you seek down," said A'tim.

"Not so," replied the Wolf; "we will stay here together while my Pups pick up the trail, be it up or down."

Very close to A'tim the huge Wolf sat while his two Sons searched the opposite bank for the coming out of Shag. Soon a "Hi, yi—he, he, he-yoh-ooh!" came floating dismally up the tortuous stretch of winding stream. "Come; they have found it," said the Wolf.

On again, faster and faster, flitted the Gray Shadows in the waning of the day. All vain had been the precautions of the Cow; the twisting and doubling, and walking in the water to kill the scent; all in vain. Nothing would turn these blood-thirsters from the trail.

"Hurry a little," panted the Wolf from behind. "Gallop, Lone Dog; gallop, brave Pups; the scent grows strong, and we need light for our work."

A'tim stretched his thin limbs in eager chase; at his shoulder now raced the Wolf Pups; the blood fever crept stronger and stronger into the hot hearts of the Gray Runners. Short yelps of hungry exultation broke from their dry throats; it was like the tolling of a death bell; first one and then the other, "Oo-oo-ooh-ooh!" The dry leaves scurried under their feet, swirled up by the wind from their rushing bodies. Poplar bluff, and jack-pine knoll, and spruce thicket, and open patch of rosebush-matted plain flitted by like the tide of a landscape through which an express speeds.

Why had this silly Cow and effete old Bull traveled so far? A'tim wondered. Would they never overtake them?

Suddenly a vibrating bellow echoed through the forest and halted the Wolf Runners.

"It's the Bull!" cried A'tim triumphantly. "Now, Brothers, we shall feast. Have I not spoken the truth?"

On again sped the four Killers—the four that were eager of blood; on through the thicket, and with suddenness out upon a plain that had been fire-swept years before—a plain wide, and void of poplar, or spruce, or cottonwood. Only the grass plain, and on the plain seven Buffalo; a waiting crescent of six huge heads lined in symmetrical defense; a little in front old Shag, and behind, shoulder to shoulder, the others. With a cry of dismay, A'tim stopped.

"A trick—a trap!" yelped the Wolf.

"I did not know of these," whined A'tim; "but it is nothing. If we charge boldly they will stampede."

"They will fight," answered the Wolf. "No charge will break a Wolf Pack, and it will be that way with these, I think."

"The Buffalo are different," lied A'tim. He knew better, but it was his only hope. Well he knew that if there were no attack his new comrades would surely eat him. In the battle many things might come to pass, his Dog wisdom said; the Wolves might be killed, or prodded full of a sufficiency of fight; the Buffalo might stampede, being new to Shag's leadership, or, when the combat was heavy, he could steal away if he saw it going against them. Also his desire for revenge on Shag was a potent factor.

"They will surely break if we charge with strength," he declared; "they are Cows, having no Calves to guard, and each will think only of her own safety when she hears your fierce cry, Pack Leader. I, who have lived upon Buffalo in the South, know this. Why should I say this, being also in the fight, if it were not true. Come, Brothers, even now they are afraid."

The Buffalo Cows were stamping the young-turfed prairie with nervous feet. Shag was throwing clouds of dust over his lowered head, and kinking his tufted tail in battle anger.

"Yes, he will fight," declared A'tim, as Shag snorted and shook his head defiantly; "he will fight, but that will save much running, for we shall soon bring him down."

The Wolf Leader weighed the matter with a gravity born of his long fast. Certainly it appeared worth a battle. If they could but make one Kill, what a feast it would be! Never had he seen Grass Feeders of this bulk. Why should he and his Sons, who were strong fighters, full of the Wolf cunning, dread these Buffalo who had nothing but horns for defense? No fear of the fierce-cutting hoof thrust, such as Mooswa gave! And he was hungry. He looked at the Dog-Wolf with the eye of an epicure; what miserable eating his thin carcass would make. Much better this fight for a Buffalo.

"We will charge," he said. "All at the Bull!"

With short, gasping yelps the three Wolves and the Mongrel dashed at the Herd. The crescent of horned heads swayed a little irresolutely; but Shag, wise old Leader, Leader of mighty Herds, Patrician of a thousand kine; who had stood against the fierce blizzard, and the Foothill Wolves that came down in mighty Packs seeking the Calves that were in his charge; he who had fought the young Bulls growing into their strength, and kept them in subjection until his horns were worn to stubs and of no avail; whose heart, once aroused, was strong, and knew not of defeat until it came: this dauntless Monarch of the plain stood firm. What were four Wolves to him! Let them come.

"This is a Leader!" said the six Cows. "Surely here is no danger."

"No danger," repeated Shag, hearing their voices; "stand close and there is no danger."

"Oo-oo-oo-ah, wah, wah, wah!" howled the Wolves and barked the Dog-Wolf, as almost to the stockade of heavy heads they rushed.

"Circle, Brothers, circle," called the big Wolf, as he swerved to the right, seeking to turn the flank of the Cow line. Like trained soldiers the Buffalo crescent swung as the Wolves swung, Shag always a little in front. With an angry snarl the Leader dashed at the Buffalo; his two Sons were at his shoulder.

"The Bull! the Bull!" yelped A'tim, crouching to steal under the giant head, and lay him by the flank.

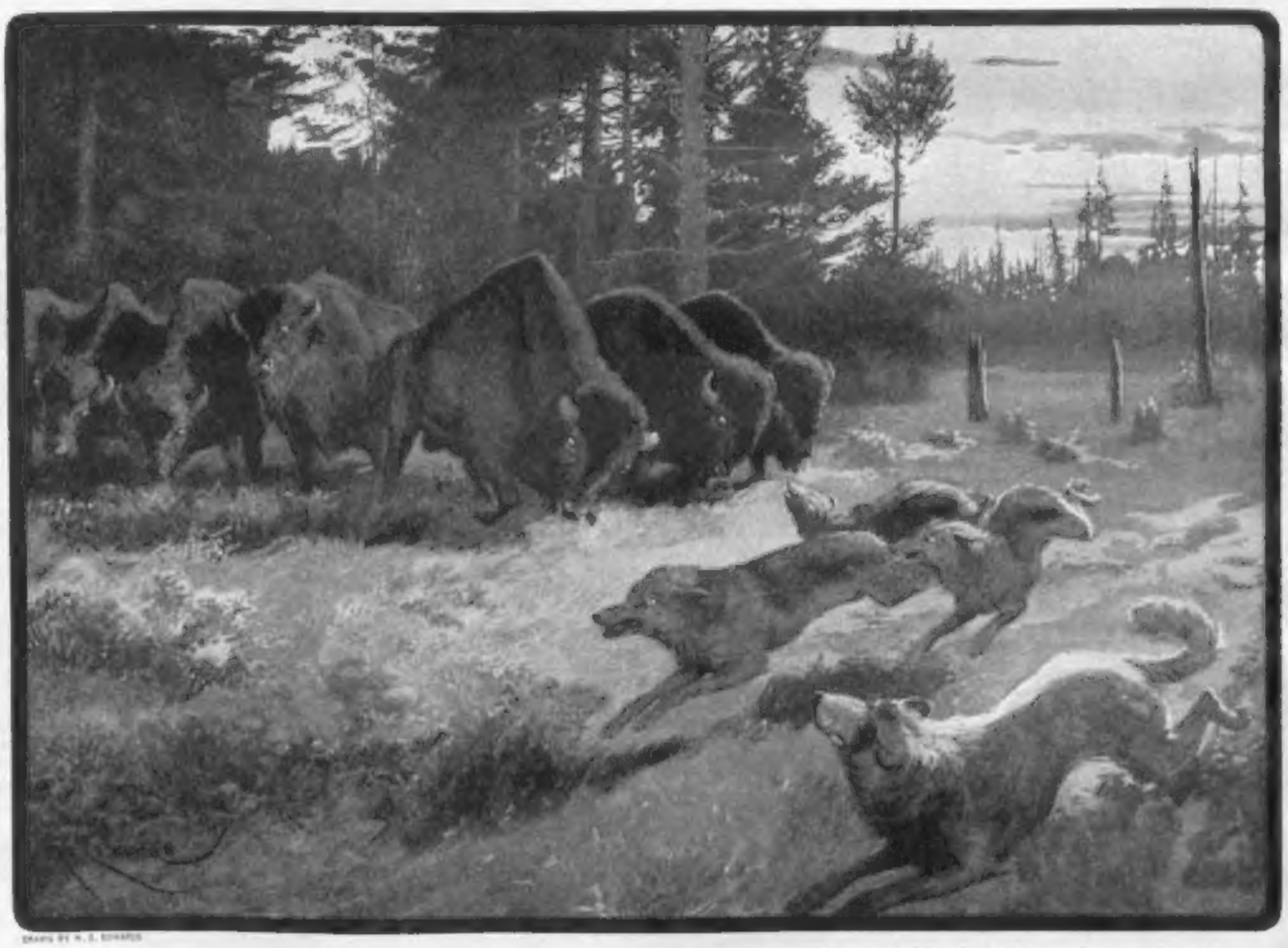
Famine-braved, the Wolves fought and snapped, and snarled the Kill cry. Crazed beyond cowardice by the smell of their own blood, the Cows fenced and thrust, and stood one against the other—the sharp horns ripped like skinning knives.

"Ee-e-yah! if I could but do it!" snarled the great Wolf. Ah! he had her—by the nose! Down to her knees, dragged by the Wolf, came the Cow that had turned Shag from the Death Flower.

"Yah, yah, yah!" snarled the Wolf joyously through his set teeth, as the Cow bellowed loud in her agony of terror.

Then something like the falling of a great forest was heard, and the Buffalo Bull descended upon Big Wolf and blotted him out from the light of the world. It was not a question

(Concluded on Page 18)



Like trained soldiers the Buffalo crescent swung as the Wolves swung

THE POLICEWOMEN *By* W. L. Alden

SPEAKING of woman suffrage," said the Man from Wyoming, " it's been tried in our State, and if it hasn't been altogether what you might call a first-class success, it has been lots of fun for the boys. Some folks say that women haven't any sense of humor. Perhaps they haven't, and then, again, perhaps they have. Anyhow, when a woman tries to make out that she is a man, and is entitled to do everything that a man can do, excepting to chew tobacco and enlist for a soldier, she can furnish the public with more solid and satisfactory amusement than a whole wagon-load of monkeys with their tails painted sky-blue.

I forget in just what year it was that the State of Wyoming gave women the right to vote at all elections. That don't matter, however. I was living at the time in the town of New Jerichoville; and when we got the news that woman suffrage was a fact and not a joke, we were as pleased as if it had been discovered that New Jerichoville was built on a gold reef. Nobody thought that woman suffrage was a thing that would last more than twelve months, but we all agreed that it would be full of healthy and improving amusement.

That, of course, was the opinion of the men. The women took the thing seriously, and they lost no time in getting up a procession to celebrate the emancipation of their sex. They had banners and music until you couldn't rest; and the procession marched on the sidewalk instead of the middle of the street, because the women didn't want to get their clothes dusty. They held a big meeting in the town hall, and Miss Twitchell, who had been for years the leader of the Woman's Rights movement, made an eloquent speech, in which she said that Emancipation was derived from the Latin "E," which meant "From," the English word "Man," which meant "Man," and the Greek word "Cipation," which meant "Freedom." Consequently, Emancipation meant nothing less than freedom from the tyranny of man, and the new law granting women the right to vote had at last made them independent of the monster man. The speech was greeted with the loudest of cheers and the waving of fans and parasols, and if it had not been that Miss Twitchell's back hair accidentally fetched loose, she would probably have kept on speaking all night.

The next week we had a municipal election, and the women had a full set of female candidates, enough to fill all the offices. There were more men than women in the town, and we could easily have defeated the women's ticket, but we all wanted to see what the women would do if they had the government of the town in their hands; so we just stayed away from the polls and let the women carry the election. That made them everlastingly satisfied with themselves, and they all said that the men had been beaten fairly and squarely, and never again would the town of New Jerichoville be misgoverned by coarse and wicked men.

The new Mayor was Miss Twitchell. The Alderwomen were all married women, and the Councilwomen, who, you understand, constituted the lower legislative body, were all unmarried women, most of them being pretty well on in years, although there were two or three rather young and pretty girls among them. Some of the Police Judges were married and some were single women; the Chief of Police was a grim old maid, and the Prosecuting Attorney was a handsome young woman of about twenty-five, of the name of Miss Wilkins, who got the position because she was the only woman in the town who had studied law. As for the Judges of the higher courts, they were all men, for their term of office had not run out, and the women could not turn them out until the next State election. However, as you understand from what I have said, the town was practically in the hands of the women, and about all the men Judges could do was to overrule any illegal judgment that the Police Judges might pronounce, provided an appeal were made to the higher courts.

The new Mayor was Miss Twitchell

It was a great sight to see the first parade of the new female police force, for one of the first things the women did was to turn out all the old policemen, on the ground that they were Irishmen, or else were addicted to either whiskey or tobacco. Their places were filled with women of all ages and varieties, and some of them were among the prettiest and most fashionable girls in town. You see, the police were to wear an attractive uniform, and the duty of patrolling the streets would give them so many opportunities for showing it off that there was a rush of applicants for appointment on the force. It being summer, the police wore white skirts, cut pretty short, blue sleeveless jackets, and white helmets with artificial flowers around the base and a small stuffed yellow bird on the top. They did not carry revolvers, like the old policemen, but each one carried a handsome light ebony club, tied with blue ribbons, and engraved with the wearer's monogram. I tell you the parade was a big success; and the boys swore they would all do something to get themselves arrested at the earliest possible moment.

For the first week or fortnight the police had very little to do; for the men, while they thought it would be fun to be arrested by pretty girls, also felt when it came to the point that they really didn't have the cheek to inconvenience the lady police by getting drunk or acting disorderly. Of course the professional drunkards and the tramps didn't take this view of the matter, but as a general rule they escaped arrest because the police couldn't bring themselves to touch a man who was particularly ragged or remarkably dirty. The officer who used to do patrol duty in my street during the afternoon was Connie Smith—a very pretty girl of about twenty-three, whom I had known ever since she was a baby. I said to her one day, when she stood looking at a shop window full of bonnets, while a tramp lay on the pavement on the opposite side of the street, "Why don't you arrest that fellow and take him to the lockup?" "Don't be ridiculous!" says she. "You can see for yourself that no lady could bring herself to touch such an awfully dirty object." With that she walked on toward the next corner with her head in the air, pretending not to see the tramp, just as a male policeman pretends not to see a fight between two men who are too big for him to handle.

We soon found out that the rule of the women wasn't going to be altogether a blessing. About the third day after they came into power they passed a law forbidding the sale or consumption of beer, wine or spirits in any part of the town, and requiring the police to destroy everything of the sort that they could find. A dozen policewomen began with Jim Ferguson's saloon, which was the leading one in the place, and they poured his whole stock of liquor into the gutter. They found it pretty heavy work, for they had to roll a lot of casks out of the place and then to break in the heads of the casks without cutting their fingers or sprinkling their skirts. So they told Jim, who was looking on and smiling as contentedly as if the affair didn't concern him, that if he were a gentleman he would help the ladies to do their work. "Certainly," says Jim. "I'll do anything that you order me to do." And with that he turned to and rolled out casks and knocked in their heads, while the policewomen sat down and fanned themselves. They all said that he was as nice as he could be, and that it was a great pity that he should be engaged in such a wicked business as keeping a saloon; but when a little later they found that Jim had sued the town for destroying his property, and got a judgment that amounted to more than he could have made at his ordinary business in the course of a year, they began to think that he wasn't quite so nice, after all.

We are a law-abiding people, as a general thing, and such crimes as murder and robbery were rather rare. Occasionally two men would have a difficulty, and when they began to shoot, their friends would naturally take a hand in; but compared with many other Western towns, New Jerichoville was a sort of Sunday-school. So the police had a pretty easy time, and when they did arrest a man he never resisted them, but went along with the officer who arrested him as meekly as a lamb. You see, the roughest man in town, no matter if he was the meanest sort of a scoundrel, would have lost his social standing if he had dared to be rude to a woman, whether she was a private person or a policewoman.

There was one chap who was arrested by a young policewoman for singing too loud in the street on his way home from the theatre; and it was said that instead of going with the officer he kissed her, and then dropped her over a high wall into a brickyard where she had to stay till morning; but he was a sailor belonging to a British revenue cutter on Lake Erie, and he didn't understand the way in which we Americans treat women.

One night two cowboys, who had lately arrived in town, had a difficulty opposite the post-office, and before the thing was over so many people had joined in that it was almost as exciting as a riot. You see, our town was, as I have said, an unusually quiet one; and so, when a shooting match did happen, the people naturally made the most of it while it lasted. The police came up after the shooting was over, and they arrested a young fellow by the name of Withers—Montgomery J. Withers—on the charge of having shot and killed a man named Sullivan. Now Withers hadn't taken any hand whatever in the difficulty, and he didn't even own a pistol—as I well knew, having been a friend of his for years; but there were three witnesses who were prepared to swear that they saw him shoot Sullivan, and, of course, the police couldn't do anything except arrest him. I ought to have said that he was a very handsome young fellow, who was naturally very popular with the girls, and though in my opinion he spent too much of his time in frivolous amusement, there wasn't the least bit of harm in him.

The police wore white skirts, cut pretty short, blue sleeveless jackets, and white helmets

The policewoman who arrested Withers and marched him off toward the station house was a particular friend of his, and when she got him into a rather quiet street she told him that the case looked mighty black against him, and that he had better skip. "Just you pull my hat off," said she, "and run away as fast as you can. I won't give the alarm till you are safely away, and when folks see my hat lying on the ground and me in tears they will understand that there has been a struggle and that you overpowered me."

Withers was a sensible young man, and he knew that, under such evidence, he might be found guilty and hanged. As that wasn't a pleasant prospect, he did as he was told, and hid himself in my house, where I gave him the second story front room, and told him to lie low until I could look into the case against him and advise him whether he had better give himself up for trial or bolt for Morocco, where no extradition treaty would reach him.

There was a good deal of excitement over his escape as soon as it was known. The papers spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of the bravery of Policewoman Carrie Thompson, who had been violently assaulted in the discharge of her duty by a ferocious criminal, and had sustained the loss of all the feathers in her hat and several hairpins. Withers was assumed to be guilty of murder as well as of resisting the police, and it was remarked that it was lucky for him that he had escaped, and thereby saved himself from being lynched by an indignant mob of the late Mr. Sullivan's friends. Meanwhile, the police kept up an active search for the missing man, and the number of clues that they continually discovered would have made any male detective envy them. Of course, none of the clues was worth anything, but then that is the chief merit of a detective clue. It enables a detective to keep on playing his game, without any chance of bringing it to a sudden end by discovering and arresting the criminal of whom he is supposed to be in search.

I had made up my mind that Withers wouldn't stand much chance of a fair trial if the police got hold of him again. You see, Sullivan had been a very popular man, and very influential in politics. A jury of men would, therefore, have been prejudiced against Withers at the start; and as for a jury of women they would have found him guilty of every crime in the calendar, simply because he had, as was supposed, resisted a policewoman and pulled off her hat. So I advised Withers that he had better leave town secretly and stop away until the murder of Sullivan had become ancient history; and I was arranging a plan for getting him safely to the railway station in disguise, when, one day, he was foolish enough to show himself for a moment at the window, where he was recognized by somebody, who went and informed the police.

It wasn't long before a policewoman sergeant, accompanied by three patrolwomen, knocked at my door and demanded admittance. As soon as I saw them I knew what was the matter, and I declined to open the door. Then they threatened to break it open. That didn't scare me, for I knew that they couldn't do it without some man's help, and I didn't think that any man would help them, and so spoil what promised to be a pleasant excitement. So I told the policewomen that if they broke down the door they would be liable to be prosecuted for burglary, and that scared them. However, they insisted that Withers was in the house, and that

he had been seen at the second-story window. I tried to make them believe that it was I that had been seen and not Withers, but they said that it was perfectly ridiculous to suppose that any one could have mistaken an old gray-haired man for that handsome young Mr. Withers. And, to tell the truth, I thought so myself—though it wasn't particularly polite for them to call me gray-haired.

Well, after a while they gave up knocking at the door, and the sergeant, who was a determined old maid by the name of Johnson—though now I think of it, her name was Smedley, which is enough like Johnson to account for my having made a mistake—sent to the station-house for a long ladder, which reached from the sidewalk to the second-story window. When she had planted the ladder she looked around at the crowd that had collected, and asked if any gentleman would be kind enough to go up the ladder and bring down the criminal Withers. At that I sang out through a crack in the door that nobody who wasn't a policewoman could enter my house through the window without being filled up with lead. I said that of course I wouldn't shoot at a woman, but that any one except a woman who tried to mount the ladder would find out that he was climbing the golden stairs.

That settled the men, for they knew that I was a man of my word. So they told the sergeant that they couldn't think of interfering in the matter unless they had first been regularly appointed special policemen. The sergeant expressed the opinion that the men were "perfectly mean and ungentlemanly," and then she ordered one of her policewomen to climb the ladder and bring down Withers. Not one of them would stir, though she ordered each in turn. She evidently thought they were all afraid of Withers until one of them whispered to her. Then she exclaimed, "Stuff and nonsense!" and added that she would climb the ladder herself.

Accordingly she started to do it; but when she had climbed high enough to make the tops of her boots visible, the other policewomen called to her for Heaven's sake to come down, and all the men began to laugh. The sergeant burst into tears and came slowly down the ladder, and then made a speech to the men, informing them that they were no gentlemen, and that she had a good mind to arrest the whole of them for insulting the police in the discharge of their duty. The men only laughed, and that made the sergeant more angry than ever. As for the policewomen who were with her, they giggled like a parcel of schoolgirls, and the prospect of capturing Withers seemed farther off than ever.

Just then Withers opened his window and came down the ladder and surrendered. He said that he couldn't bear to see so many ladies in an awkward situation, and that sooner than compel a single policewoman to climb a ladder in the presence of a crowd he would go quietly to jail. The sergeant thanked him, and I distinctly heard one of the policewomen whisper to him that he was "a duck." I doubted the wisdom of his conduct, but I remembered that he knew twice as much about dealing with women as I knew, and that the chances were that he saw that it would be to his advantage to surrender.

They took Withers off to the jail, and the sergeant asked the jailer to give him the best cell, because he was "such a gentleman;" and the policewomen all shook hands with him when they said good-by, and promised to send him things to make him comfortable. He was in prison about three weeks while the Prosecuting Attorney was preparing a case against him to submit to the Grand Jury; and he told me afterward that he had a bang-up time. The policewomen sent him flowers every day by the bushelful, and he traded them to the jailer, who was fond of flowers, for cigars. Every afternoon two or three policewomen would come to see him, and would bring him books and sing to him, till the other prisoners in the jail said that if the disgraceful noise wasn't stopped they'd complain to the Governor of the State and ask to be transferred to the chain gang.

The Prosecuting Attorney, who, I think I told you, was a very attractive young woman of the name of Miss Florence Wilkins, came to see Withers every evening, and had private interviews with him in the jailer's parlor. She said that she was getting up the case against him, and that the true way to proceed in such cases was to examine the accused person before examining the witnesses against him. It was her idea that in this way she could get at the truth much more certainly than in any other way. When some one objected that this wasn't the usual method of proceeding, she said that it was the method that was always followed in France, and that it stood to reason that people who, like the French, could make prettier bonnets than any other people, must know all there was to be known about such matters as law and criminal procedure.

Her interviews with the prisoner grew longer and longer, and it was generally understood that she had got enough information out of him to hang him a dozen times, even if no witnesses appeared against him. The policewomen were unanimously of the opinion that her conduct was grossly unfair, but as they could not put a stop to it they had to confine themselves to expressing the opinion that it was hard enough for a young man to be in prison without being tortured by a person who was virtually a minx, even if she were a Prosecuting Attorney.

The day before the Grand Jury met the Prosecuting Attorney sent two policewomen to the jail, with orders to bring the prisoner Withers to her office, where she wished to hold a final examination. Accordingly he was brought in a closed cab and taken to the Prosecuting Attorney's office, while the two policewomen were given tea and cake in another room.

That was the last that any one in New Jerichoville saw of the prisoner or of the Prosecuting Attorney for the next two years. When the policewomen got uneasy at the length of the interview that they supposed was going on, they went to the door of the Prosecuting Attorney's office and found that she and the prisoner had disappeared. She had dressed himself and herself in disguises, and the two had eloped together, and nobody could trace them until the end of the next two years, when it was found that the man who had killed Sullivan was a brother politician, and consequently that Withers was not guilty.

I saw him soon after he returned to New Jerichoville with his wife—formerly Miss Florence Wilkins—and I said that he had played a smart game in inducing the Prosecuting Attorney to run away with him. "That's all right," said he. "There were four policewomen who offered to get me out of jail and elope with me if I would marry them, but I always had a fancy for the Prosecuting Attorney, and besides, in such matters I never believe in dealing with subordinates."

The rule of the women lasted only one year. Then the men rose up and carried the election by an enormous majority. In point of fact, the town was pretty sick of female rule. It is true that the women didn't steal, but they mismanaged things so as to increase the taxes nearly fifty per cent. They doubled the police force, because no policewoman would patrol alone after dark, on the ground that it wouldn't be ladylike, and they had to give the patrolwomen cabs every time it rained. In this and a dozen other ways they spent the public money as if it were of no more value than water; and it's my own belief that before they were turned out of office they were getting mighty well tired of it.

The Prosecuting Attorney . . . came to see Withers every evening, and had private interviews with him in the jailer's parlor

Masters of Men

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By Morgan Robertson

FORTY-FIRST CHAPTER

IT IS night on the Santiago blockade—a hot July night conducive to profanity and excessive libations at the scuttle-butt; a night when men breathe the muggy air with extra muscular effort, and care little for their speech or personal appearance; when officers don pajamas and maintain dignity with white uniform caps; when seamen strip to underclothing, and, unspokenly, consign dignity to the lower regions.

There are three lines to this blockade: an outside semicircle of the heavy ships—turreted fighters, with range of gun-fire greater than the radius; an inner line of torpedo boats, converted yachts and swift tugs—messengers and dispatch bearers, the light cavalry of a fleet; within this crescent, a row of small steam launches—lookouts, well supplied with binoculars, and with but one note of alarm expected and hoped of them—the signal that the imprisoned fleet within had shown signs of breaking bounds. A brilliant pencil of light, a point at its seaward end, a broad refulgence where it impinges on the rocky shores of the harbor mouth, indicates the presence, on the second line, of the search-light ship, a detailed monster of the outside semicircle with steam sufficient for the candle-power. She is relieved every four hours, and the change is the only diversion of the night to the overstrained nerves of the picket crews.

On the second line, with bow inshore and all lights out but the binnacle lamp in the conning tower, lay a dun-colored torpedo boat; and close up in the bow, sprawled face up on the turtle-back with feet resting on the low hand rail, lay Dick Halpin. He was not sleeping: he was thinking. Back of him on the turtle-back, and farther back on the main deck, lay his shipmates, in all postures and in a common frame of mind. Spasmodically and earnestly they reviled the night, the heat, the luck—and each other. They anathematized the war, the Spanish, the boat and her equipment—everything within their ken on that hot night came under the ban but the officer who commanded and the Admiral who had condemned them.

Dick, to escape the ceaseless grumbling—which could not wholly voice his own discontent—had sought the farthest corner, and lay in the attitude most conducive to philosophy, trying to solve the past and probe the future. He was the avowed friend of a man whom he had hated intensely a few months before—a man who had admitted hating him then, and who had since won his regard in spite of himself, had sounded his praises to two ships' companies, and had secured him his present rating of signalman in the torpedo boat of which he himself had been given command. Dick had been called aft on the quarterdeck of the Oregon and introduced by the enthusiastic Breen as "Mr." Halpin to a group of kindly-eyed officers, who, from the Captain down, shook his hand, and complimented him upon his skill with his fists. Dick gathered that Breen had described his terrible fight with the giant Pig Jones. These men were gentlemen, and their congratulations were sincere; yet he wondered if they would have complimented one of themselves as highly, and if Breen would have been so enthusiastic if the feat had been his own. Later, this was repeated on board the flagship, which they had joined at Key West, and he had listened to kind words from the grave-faced Admiral, who told him that he hoped to hear further from him before the war ended. This was very well—more than well; but against it was the influence of his early training. He possessed courage, surely, which he shared with bulldogs. It was the commonest of human attributes, and it was not enough. Education—breeding? Possibly. But opportunity—the accident of time, place and environment—was necessary to bring tangible recognition and reward for the best of inherent aptitudes, and it had been denied him. It had come to Breen, but not yet to him. Would the war bring it, as the Admiral had hoped? He had been relegated to a torpedo boat, which ran errands in the day and did picket duty at night. He had watched,

safely out of range, three bombardments of the forts, and envied men the wild joy of being under the fire of the enemy.

He had volunteered among the hundreds who had responded to the call for men to take the Merrimac in, but others were chosen, and he had watched them go by, to death—or opportunity.

If opportunity should come to him he would seize it; if not—he would be of age in a couple of months; his time in the navy would be up, and there would be something due him from his mother's estate. This he would collect quickly and hurry to the other side of the continent, where Breen's wedding bells could not disturb him.

Then Mabel Arthur's face came before him, and all philosophy left him.

FORTY-SECOND CHAPTER

"HALPIN," came a low voice from the darkness amidships. "Halpin," it sounded, nearer. "Pass the word, there, for Halpin."

His name was repeated by others and he arose to his feet.

"The old man wants ye," said a man old enough to be Breen's father.

Dick found Breen close up to the stern, in about the same attitude which he himself had assumed forward—flat on his back, with his head pillowed on the bed of the torpedo tube.

"Want me, sir?" he asked, saluting in the darkness.

"Yes, Dick. Lie down here, and never mind the 'sir.' We're aboard the hell-ship for a time, and there's no one near. I want to talk to you."

Dick stretched himself beside his captain, and Breen, after a full minute's silence, said softly and slowly:

"I got letters to-day. Did you?"

"No," answered Dick. "No one writes to me."

"They write about you, however. I wrote from Jupiter Inlet to Miss Arthur, explaining where I'd disappeared to, and telling about you and something of our experience together. I got her answer to-day—been chasing me all around the fleet. She is very glad that you did not desert, and says that she expects to see you coming home an officer."

"An officer," gulped Dick, his heart beating painfully and his face burning. "Did she—really—speak of me? An officer! But that means an 'officer and a gentleman.' Shall you write to her again?"

"Of course."

"Will you tell her, please, that I am grateful for her interest in me, and that though it is impossible for me under the law to come home an officer, I may come home a gentleman. And say that I am heartily ashamed of my manner and language in the bridge car, and thoroughly sorry—and that I hope she will pardon and forget it."

"Right, I will," laughed Breen. "What did you do? Lay her out for looking at you in your old ducks and coal dust? She laid me out for it."

"Worse," growled Dick disgustedly. "I insulted her. I'm nothing but a cad, after all."

"She doesn't waste her time on cads, Dick," said Breen gently. "But what kind of a reputation have you up there in that town? We've had our names in the papers. You are supposed to have murdered me that night, disposed of my body, and escaped. Hence our disappearance."

"Oh, I know," said Dick, as he thought of the clipping Bessie had sent him. "My reputation will admit of anything; but there is one thing cleared up—which I have learned about lately. Did you know that I left home four years ago a proven thief?"

"Why, no—I heard about it; but you were cleared at the time, weren't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't know it. I didn't know until lately. All these years I thought I was considered a jail bird at home; and that's what made me so ready to lick that crowd. Pig Jones told me at the wheel one night when he was drunk enough to talk to me; but I didn't speak to you about it on account——"

"I understand, Dick. Yes—a brother officer. He's out there now, bullying good men. An officer and a gentleman. No, the Government made him an officer, but—the most unpopular man in his class, they say. I heard about that scrape at school long before I met you—not from his sister, however—from a friend of hers. You certainly acted the gentleman, Dick, until, of course, you were driven to desperation. But—I wish I could have seen that chase over the desks." Breen finished with a laugh.

"I always wanted to be a gentleman," said Dick gloomily; "but the navy toughens a man, and knocks it out of him. But at that time"—he raised his voice slightly—"I'd a better right to the title than he. But his father was rich, and put him into the Academy, while I——"

"Rich?" queried Breen; "not so very rich—not so rich, I think, as Richard Halpin, seaman gunner for Uncle Sam. What made you ship, anyway, with all that money coming to you?"

"Money," repeated Dick. "Yes, there was a little due me when I came of age."

"Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars are waiting for you up in that little town, Miss Arthur says. The lawyers are looking for you."

"What!" exclaimed Dick, sitting up.

"That's what she says. Your mother left you fifty thousand, and your uncle—you know he is dead, don't you?" Dick nodded in the darkness. "Your uncle died intestate, and you are next of kin. Four hundred thousand more. Whew!—and I've nothing but my pay. No wonder the girls like you, Dick." There was a little bitterness in the slight laugh with which Breen concluded.

It was Cervera's fleet; and it was getting up steam

"But why didn't I know this? Why did no one tell me?"

"Couldn't find you. No one knew where you were. I told Miss Arthur on the day you cleaned out the town, and before the news got to the lawyer, I suppose, you were shanghaied."

"Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars," muttered Dick, as his mind flashed back to his boyish plans for study and advancement. "Why, a man could be a gentleman very easily with all that money, couldn't he?"

"Yes, some kinds of a gentleman—all kinds, if he is born one. But the best society in the land will welcome you, Dick. Cut your hair, and tune up a little when your time's out. You're all right."

"But it's not all—not enough. Do you know that I'd give it all for an appointment to Annapolis?"

"All the money in the world wouldn't buy the appointment at your age. You're too old, and only the President could send you there. There may be a chance in this mix if you do good work and the Admiral recommends you. Why, with your start you could rush through in two years."

"Then give me what chance you can," said Dick vehemently. "Give me risky work—the craziest that comes along. I'll do it."

Breen did not answer. He stood erect and elevated a pair of binoculars. "Something up," he remarked. Dick also arose to his feet, and a man hurried aft with the information that the search-light was shifting, and that lights were moving about at the harbor mouth.

"I see," answered Breen, the glasses still to his eyes. "Watch the flagship, and see what is said. The pickets are signaling."

Colored lights were showing from the inside line; the beam of light from the battleship on station was wavering—reaching to the right and left, exposing in its vivid glare first one shore, then the other. But barring two or three twinkling points in the darkness without the glare, nothing could be seen, even through Breen's binoculars.

"The flagship is signaling, sir," said Dick, straining his eyes at a vertical row of colored lights far out to sea. "I didn't get the first of it, but she seems to be telling the search-light ship to do something—there it is, sir—launch. A reconnoitering job."

"Anything for us yet?"

"No, sir."

"We'll wait. Watch out."

Dick went forward, returning with a pair of glasses, and, as was his duty, kept close watch for signals; but nothing showed. The minutes went by, while the twinkling points shoreward went out in the blackness, and the wavering search-light settled down to its steady scrutiny of the channel. Presently the humming of a small engine sounded in the distance, and soon after a small gray spot on the water took on the form and detail of a steam launch, coming toward them from seaward.

"Boat ahoy!" called Breen softly as the launch drew near. The engine stopped.

"Hello," answered a voice—which Dick recognized. "Is that you, Mr. Breen?"

"Yes. What's up?"

"I'll come alongside."

The launch came quietly up to the quarter, and George Arthur stepped aboard.

"I'm caught," he said to Breen as they shook hands. "Fact is, I'm sent in to find out what they're doing—and that's all. I'm supposed to do some signaling, and, hang it, I haven't had time to learn the code, and as for the nightly change, why, I left it aboard. Can you give it to me?"

"I can do better—give you my signalman. Take him along and take his advice."

"Thanks—by George, yes; I'm a thousand times obliged. I've got to go in, and if there's anything up I must flash it out to them. Now I feel better."

"Go along, Halpin," said Breen tersely.

"Halpin?" queried the young cadet. "Well—say, now, Mr. Breen, isn't this a little—he's a pet of yours, I know, but——"

"You have applied to me for a signalman, and I give you the best I have," interrupted Breen sternly. "You can suit yourself, sir."

"Oh, well, all right, sir," answered the other. "Send him aboard when you're ready, sir."

He strode toward the rail and stepped aboard the launch. "Go along, Dick," said Breen softly. "If he gets into trouble, get him out of it. I'll see to the credit."

"Thank you. Bully for you," was Dick's unseamanly answer to his officer. Then he jumped into the launch.

"Go ahead," ordered the cadet; and the engine started. "I am told," he said sourly to Dick, "to take your advice. If I need it, I'll call on you."

"Very good, sir," returned Dick quietly as he seated himself beside him.

The little craft shot ahead into the blackness beneath and without that brilliant shaft from the search-light. The young officer had the wheel. There were two other men in the cockpit, silently crouching with elbows on their knees, and aft in the other cockpit a machinist in charge of the engine.

"Did you think to bring the code-book?" asked George.

"I have it all in my head, sir, and my own private code in my pocket," said Dick. "All I ever need is the key, and that was given me to-night."

"All right—all right," answered the young man testily, as if ashamed of the confession involved in the question.

Nothing more was said; the launch traversed the short two miles to the harbor mouth, passing the inner picket line unseen and unhailed, Dick pondering, meanwhile, on the strange hatred which this pampered young gentleman had felt for him since the trouble in school. This was their first personal interview since that exciting chase over red desks, but George Arthur had been on the New York's quarterdeck when Dick had been called aft to meet the officers, and had shown his attitude toward him in the derisive smile that had come to his face, and in the superior stare with which he had regarded him every time that chance had thrown Dick into his path.

"We must be close in, sir," suggested the machinist softly. "Shall I slow down so as to quiet the engine a little?"

"Yes—yes," answered Arthur quickly. "Slow down—stop altogether. I can't see a thing. Can any one see?"

"Morro's broad on the starboard bow, sir," said Dick, whose eyes were good.

"And there's land right ahead—high land," said the engineer.

"Right—I see. Must be Socapa. Where the deuce were those lights, anyhow? What am I to find out in here? Nothing going on that I see."

"There was a log boom across the channel a little farther in, sir," said one of the men. "If it is still there it proves that no torpedo boats are out to-night."

"But if we get that far," added Dick, "we might not get back."

"I told you that if I wanted your advice I'd call on you," said the cadet angrily. "Remember that."

Dick bit his lip, but blamed only himself.

"Go ahead with the engine," ordered the young gentleman. "We'll see about that boom, anyway."

Dick grinned bitterly.

The boat went ahead at half speed. In five minutes one of the men in the cockpit, who had been looking astern, said: "Light over to starboard, sir—well abaft the beam." They looked, but saw nothing; yet the man repeated that he had seen it, close down to the water. Then a flash as of mild lightning lit up the bluff to starboard, a crackling report followed, and water splashed in their faces. Then followed shouts in Spanish, and other shots, while a small search-light from the battlements sought them out, revealing to them as it wandered a clear expanse of channel ahead, a string of logs partly stowed under the batteries, and two armed launches putting out from the small landing astern and to starboard, where the man had seen the light. The search-light from above caught them, and a rapid-fire blast of small shot and shell ensued, while the search-light from seaward lifted and flooded the batteries. The two sailors lay quietly down in the bottom of the boat.

"We've got to get out o' here, sir," said the engineer. "I'll give her full speed, if you'll put the wheel over."

"Yes, give it to her!" yelled the young officer excitedly as he ground on the wheel; and then, to Dick: "This is your fault, d—— you. Oh-oh-oh o-o-o-o-o." The speech ended in a groan, and George tumbled to the bottom beside the two sailors. Dick sprang to the wheel. "Give her steam," he called. "We'll have to run in—not out. Mr. Arthur's hit. We can't get out now."

There was no answer, and Dick, looking aft, saw the engineer leaning over the combing of his cockpit as if he were dozing.

He steadied the launch up the channel. The engineer had opened the steam valve to its widest, and the little launch stormed ahead, followed by the pitiless search-light

from the hill, and pelted by a sputtering fusillade of shot from the batteries and from the pursuing launches astern; but with four men struck down, the Fates seemed satisfied Dick felt the wind of several shots, felt the grazing of several bullets, and felt water rising over his ankles; but no harm came to him. He steered on, past the sunken Merrimac, around the eastern face of Smith Cay—and here the search-light lost him and the gun fire ceased—across to the western shore of the harbor, where, with fires nearly extinct, he grounded the launch on a shelving beach at the foot of a hill. The pursuing launches had turned back, confident, perhaps, that daylight would show them their quarry

FORTY-THIRD CHAPTER

WITH a little trouble in the darkness, for Dick was not a competent engineer, he shut off steam and regulated the fire; then he examined the men. The machinist was dead; so were the two sailors; they were all strangers to him, and none had spoken or voluntarily moved after the shots that had killed them. George Arthur, partly immersed in water at the bottom of the cockpit, was breathing painfully. Dick lifted his head, and gently—for this was Mabel's brother—inquired: "Are you badly hurt, sir? What can I do?"

"Is—it—you, Dick?" gasped George faintly. "I—am—done for, I think. I got—it—in the back—the backbone. I can't—move my—legs. Can—you lift—me out of—the water? It smarts—oh, how—it smarts!"

Dick lifted him bodily to the transom seat in the cockpit, and pillowed his head on a small cork fender.

"Where—are—we—now?" asked George, when his groans had ceased

"In the harbor, sir. I've beached her over to the westward. We'll have to sneak out later, when they've stopped looking for us

"Yes. Try it Be careful. It won't matter to me I'm going—fast, Dick" His voice was certainly weaker

"I hope not, sir If you can hold out until we get to a surgeon—"

He stopped, realizing the mockery in his words.

"Dick," said George, after an interval of silence, "I want—you—to forgive me—if—you can, for—that matter—in—school."

"Oh, don't speak of that, George—don't think of it at all. Why, you straightened it all out at the time."

"Under—compulsion—yes To—please my—sister. Tell—me you forgive—me"

"I do," answered Dick, tears starting to his eyes. "With all my heart and soul I do."

There was a silence for a little, then George spoke again

"It—was the only thing—that ever—came—between us—that ever came—between—Mabel and me. She always wanted—me—to write—to you; but—I would not—not—even for—her. Tell her—that I—did, will you? Tell her that I apologized—to you"

"I will—when I see her," answered Dick in a choked voice. "I'll tell her if you want me to. But it never mattered at all, George"

"Yes—it—did. I was a cur

His breathing grew weaker and weaker, while Dick held his hand; then he lifted his head a few inches and spoke clearly and distinctly, with the last flutter of strength and prescience which comes to the dying

"Dick," he said, "they were rigging in the log-boom across the channel It means something—a torpedo attack on the fleet, perhaps. Run the batteries and report this to the Admiral It will make you. Then"—his head sank down—"go—to—Mabel. Be—good—to—my—sister"

He said no more; and Dick did not know the moment when the wayward spirit took flight. He was weeping convulsively, for the first time since the day when little Bessie Fleming's sympathy had broken him down and humanized him.

But there was work to be done. He was in a hostile harbor, with four dead men and a leaky steam launch. Three plans flashed through his mind—each fraught with danger. He could leave the launch to the Spanish and the dead to the buzzards, climb the hill and strike the coast a mile south; here, if not caught by the Spaniards, he might attract the attention of one of the small craft of the fleet and be taken off. Or, he could skirt the beach to the eastward, swim two channels of three or four hundred yards' width, and, if lucky, reach Guantanamo where the ships coaled, or the army in the hills to the northward. Or, he could patch up the holes in the launch, make steam, and in the gray of the morning, when the search light lifted and full light of day had not come to aid the gunners in their aim, he could go out the way that he had come. There was more chance of success in the first two plans than in the last; but such success would bring him only a few congratulations on his good luck in saving his life. On the other hand, the running of three batteries, the bringing out of the body of an officer, and the report—even a tardy report—of the removal of the log-boom, was what he had wished for—promotion, which comes to but a favored few. He might die in the attempt, but then—her brother had died. If he lived through it he would have recognition, honor, promotion—perhaps an appointment to Annapolis. He saw himself in uniform, a commissioned officer of the United States Navy—an "officer and a gentleman;" and with the tears yet undried on his face his resolution was taken.

It was about eleven o'clock, and when the launch had grounded the ebb-tide, as he reasoned from an inspection of the beach, was about two hours old. The water had flooded the fire as the boat settled, and now, as the tide receded, it was dribbling out through the shotholes in the bottom. Dick dared not light a lantern; he could only search along the bottom, plank by plank, feeling with his fingers, and stopping each hole as he found it with a plug whittled from a swab handle. The boat lay heeled to starboard, and the holes on this side could only be reached from within, but as the shots had all come from the east side of the channel, he hoped that there would be few. Most that he found were bullet holes but here and there was a ragged aperture made by a one pound shot, and one gaping hole near the water-line indicated the work of a six-pounder. Before long he realized that the night would be all too short for the task of making that launch seaworthy, and thankfully computed that the tide could not get back until near daylight. This would leave him scant time to fire up and run out before the morning sun made him too visible for safety; but between broad daylight and the glare of a search-light he would choose the first

He found pump-tacks and a hammer in the engineer's locker; he cut patches of canvas from the white jumpers of the dead sailors, and tacked them over all holes too large or too ragged to be plugged. He worked feverishly, pantingly, incessantly—not knowing hunger, or thirst, or fear. He was inspired not so much by patriotism as by Mabel Arthur's injunction to "come home an officer."

Daylight found him haggard and exhausted—with all holes that he had found plugged or patched, with steam hissing hot in the small boiler, and his silent passengers laid out on the forward transoms. It was time to go, and he was ready to go, but the tide had but just reached the rudder of the launch and would not float it for an hour. And while he waited he watched with burning eyes the panorama unfolding as the darkness gave place to the sudden day of the tropics

The launch lay near the middle of a concave of beach, the arc of which ranged about east and west. Off to the west, and farther still to the north, were broad reaches of sparkling water, bordered by partly wooded slopes of steep ground To the east lay the opposite shore of the channel, which at a high bluff, a little farther in, broke sharply to the northeast and extended in a straight line to the city of Santiago, two miles away. There were a few habitations in sight among the trees, and here and there on the bay small sail and steam craft, which paid no attention to the gray spot on the southern beach. And after a cursory inspection of each, Dick paid as little attention to them. His eyes were fixed on six black craft at anchor just below the city—four cruisers and two torpedo boats. Bunting was rising and falling from the signal yards of all, and smoke was belching from the funnels It was Cervera's fleet; and it was getting up steam

FORTY-FOURTH CHAPTER

NO MERE shifting of berths required all that smoke, and Dick knew it. It meant a full head of steam, and this meant full speed. The ships were going out—to fight or run Here was his opportunity, and he was balked by the tide He pushed desperately, but the heavy launch would not move, and in a state bordering on insanity he paced up and down the beach, until he realized that the presence of the launch in the harbor was known, and that his white duck suit made a conspicuous mark against the dull green of the hill behind him. Then he hid in the after cockpit and tried to compose his nerves by grooming the engine

An hour he waited, occasionally peeping out at the squadron up the bay—wondering why he was not sought for by the launches that had chased him in. Then a slight tremor in the boat aroused him to a second effort to launch her. This time, with the help of the reversed engine, he succeeded; the craft backed and floated, but before he could shift the helm to throw her around he felt water on his feet and knew that somewhere a gaping hole had escaped his notice. The water came too fast for safety, and he saw, by standing erect, that it came from underneath the forward deck, probably on the starboard side of the forefoot, which he had not been able to see or feel He reversed the engine, heeled the boat to port as it grounded, and set desperately to work.

He found the leak—the largest hole of all—a whole plank-end carried away. There was a small saw in the locker, and with its help he robbed the cockpit combing of a section, and with strenuous effort—digging a hole in the sand for room to wield the hammer—he covered the hole But it was a flat plank over a convex surface; there was caulking to be done, and over all was needed a canvas patch to protect it from the wash. When the job was done, and he stood erect, dripping wet and faint with hunger and fatigue, he saw the black ships under way, just leaving their buoys

His opportunity was being reduced to a matter of effort expended and good intent; yet this was enough, could he but beat that squadron out to sea and make his presence known He sprang aboard, backed the engine under a full head of steam, and the boat pulled slowly off No more water came in. Steering by the tiller, he threw her around and went ahead, rounding Caracoles Point into the west channel past Smith Cay. He chose this route because, though he risked possible small-arm fire from the inshore side of Socapa Battery up on the hill, he would avoid the attention of the mounted guns of the Catalina Battery on the east shore until he rounded Puntilla, nearly abreast. Thankful for the good fortune that had given him access to Breen's charts, he rushed the little craft down the channel by memory of what the charts had told him, turned east toward Puntilla, and had almost reached it when a fusillade began on the hilltop astern, and a shower of bullets spattered the water Suddenly he felt a stinging pain in his left thigh, and an almost overpowering weakness came over him, but, seated on the engineer's stool, he managed to keep his balance, and soon the shock of the impact left him, though the stinging pain and the weakness remained

The fusillade continued, and out of the corner of his eye he saw men

(Continued on Page 19)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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An exceptionally strong program has been planned for the Spring months.

Among a hundred able special articles soon to appear, the following may be mentioned as of unusual interest:

THE SPORTS THAT MAKE THE MAN: A sportsman's paper on amateur athletics, by Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O.

THE WASTE OF PUBLIC MONEY: An able paper on "Pork Bill" politics, by ex-President Cleveland.

THE BLAINE-CONKLING TRUCE: A strange and hitherto unwritten chapter of political history, by Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith.

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THE FUTURE OF TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE: An absorbing paper, by Dr. A. E. Kennelly, the distinguished electrical expert.

CHANCES FOR YOUNG INVENTORS: A valuable practical paper, by Emile Berliner, one of the inventors of the telephone.

HOW TO RUN AN AUTOMOBILE: A practical article, by Van Tassel Sutphen.

HOW WOMEN WILL DRESS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: An illustrated paper, by Octave Uzanne, the celebrated French expert on costume.

Following Masters of Men, and beginning in an early number, will come Calumet "K," a romance of the great wheat corner, by Merwin Webster, joint authors of The Short Line War. This is a strong story of love, business and speculation.

Short serials by Will Payne and by William Allen White will also be presented in Spring numbers.

Some of the best short stories of the year are scheduled for early appearance. Among them are:

STRIKING AN AVERAGE: A deliciously clever satire on Chicago politics and pink teas, by Henry B. Fuller.

LOVE WHILE YOU WAIT: A brilliant little farce-tale, by Lloyd Osbourne.

AFTER THE CONCERT: An exquisitely imaginative musical story, by Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

RUPERT THE RESEMBLER: An inimitably droll burlesque of The Prisoner of Zenda, by Bret Harte.

COMMON HONESTY: A piquant story of the ups and downs of Chicago business life, by Robert Herrick.

THE REMITTANCE MAN: A two-part story of a young prodigal who was sent out from England to make his fortune on a Canadian ranch, by W. A. Fraser.

THE DIARY OF A HARVARD PROFESSOR: The universal popularity of Mr. Charles Macomb Flandrau's humorous serial, The Diary of a Harvard Freshman, has produced a strong demand for a further history of Granny and Berri and Professor Fleetwood. The Diary of a Harvard Professor, which is soon to appear, will also deal with university life—but from an altered viewpoint.

Benjamin Franklin endures not because he had brains, but because he used them.

A GREAT deal is said about the Chinese situation, but the situation of at least one Chinaman, so far as this country is concerned, seems to be all that he could ask. Minister Wu threatens the after-dinner and commencement preeminence of even Senator Depew. He has become one of the stars in the function firmament. And his gorgeous costume lends an adventitious charm which Senator Depew's plain dress-suit can never give. At Buffalo he told an audience, composed largely of ladies, that he did not come "a-Wu-ing," and one of his questions to young women in Chicago was, "How old are you?" All this passed as allowable wit from the Oriental. Senator Depew could never have said such things safely. In fact, considering the odds, it would be only fair in any contest between the two orators to place a heavy handicap upon Mr. Wu.

A LEADING insurance journal says somewhat pathetically that colds cost the life insurance companies a million dollars a month. What they cost those who catch the colds is of course quite beyond cavil or reclaim but the paper goes on to warn the careless who happen to own policies how to be able to keep on paying premiums a while longer. The gist of the advice is to avoid exposure, keep out of drafts, and fight a cold from start to finish. "The grave is still very hungry," it adds. "Besides, the life insurance companies would like to save a million a month." The highest medical authority in journalism gives the following: "The philosophy of prevention is to preserve the natural and healthy action of the organism as a whole, and of the surface in particular, while habituating the skin to bear severe alterations of temperature by judicious exposure, and natural stimulation by pure air and clean water, and orderly habits of hygiene and health." All this is important at this particular season. People are changing clothes, rushing out upon golf fields, taking long rides on wheels, speeding in automobiles, swinging along in country rambles and courting the open air and its breezes. In its way it is well, but overdoing leads to undoing.

The human face is like the pocketbook—it is not the outside beauty, but the value within that counts.

The Approach of the Universal Trust

THE great steel combination opens a new volume in the economic and social history of the world. The significant thing about it is not merely its gigantic capital, nor even the fact that it will have the monopoly of certain lines of production. We have been used to great combinations of capital, although not quite so great as this, and we have known monopolies more or less complete. But the older trusts were content, as a rule, to control a certain line of production at a certain stage. The Standard Oil Company bought crude petroleum from the owners of the wells, refined it and put it on the market. The Meat Trust bought cattle from the stock raisers, slaughtered and packed them. The Tin Plate Trust bought black plates from the American Sheet Steel Company, which in turn bought steel billets from the Carnegie Company. But the new United States Steel Corporation will control the entire iron and steel business at every stage. It will dig ore from its own iron mines, transport it in its own lake steamers, make its own pig-iron in its own smelters, turn out its own steel ingots in its own foundries, and transform them into rails, structural steel, ship plates, black plates, tin plates, tubes and wire in its own mills. It will not come into the open market anywhere except in the sale of entirely finished products.

Moreover, the same men who control that Trust control other vast fields of activity which can be brought into close relations with it. They own thousands of miles of railroads, which are enormous purchasers of rails and other steel and iron products. They own the Standard Oil Company which is the largest single consumer of tin plate, and which in its turn furnishes both the railroads and the Steel Trust with lubricating oil, illuminating oil, gasoline and candles. They own fleets of ocean steamers and vast ship-building plants. They have copper mines whose product they employ largely in electrical development. The Standard Oil Company itself which at first was content to buy crude oil and refine it, now has its own oil wells, its own pipe lines and its own tank steamers, and turns out not only kerosene but naphtha and all other by-products of petroleum.

I propose to consider for a moment the extent of this revolution and its effect upon business crises. One of the most recent writers on economics, President Hadley, of Yale, in a book published only four years ago avowedly as "an attempt to apply the methods of modern science to the problems of modern business," begins his explanation of panics by saying:

"Even if a process continues to be successful for a long term of years each capitalist is constantly in danger from overcompetition on the part of other capitalists. It is impossible for different investors to know accurately what other investors are doing. If prices are high in a particular line of industry a number of capitalists will simultaneously arrange to take advantage of those prices and to secure a share of the exceptional profits which have prevailed. When a great many people try to do this, prices will fall and all investments in that line, old as well as new, may be rendered unprofitable."

Is there not a quaint air of antiquity about that when considered in connection with the Steel Trust?

We are on the verge of a situation in which the element of uncertainty will be eliminated from production and distribution. The manufacturing trust will have no anxiety for its materials, which it will produce for itself, nor for its markets, which will be the whole consuming capacity of the country, if not of the world, nor for the means of meeting its obligations, which will be assured to it at all times by its enormous capital.

Its position will be very like that of the government regulators of industry in Looking Backward. Under such conditions, how can it be affected by a panic? There seems to be a promise of stability here which must be counted as a decided offset to the evils of trusts. —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

The sum of all civilization is in the increase of good homes.

Leisure Not a Waste of Time

THAT Americans are a hard-working people is a fact which impresses all our visitors. A correspondent of the Times, who has been reporting upon our competition with England in works of mechanical engineering, reports his surprise at the American workman's attitude toward his work, his palpable enjoyment of it, and his evident determination to get the most out of the tools he is using. An English ironman once said to me: "I do not wonder at your iron and steel establishments getting ahead of ours, when I see your workmen, after delivering a load, running back for another. I never saw an English workman run, except out of the shop when his day ended." For this the English economists are partly to blame. They always have taught that labor is a disagreeable necessity, to which a man must be driven by some sort of compulsion, and of which he will do no more than he must. This kind of teaching is apt to percolate down to the laboring classes, and to suggest methods of keeping down work, such as the rule of the English Unions that a bricklayer shall use but one hand in his work.

The American absorption in work is of modern origin. The early American, as "Poor Richard" and other writers described him, was very fond of leisure for talking politics and whittling sticks, and not overfond of exerting himself. Partly this was due to the fact that work in the Colonial times and even later was very heavy and of small result. In the absence of modern appliances labor produced very little and at a high cost in human exertion. The immense toil which was required to reclaim the wilderness seemed to make but little impression on it, and the settler turned away with a certain disheartenment after he had got a clearing made in which his family could turn round.

It also must be remembered that the standard of health in Colonial, and even later times, must have been very low. Men worked under conditions which exposed them to malaria, and the remedies for its depressing and weakening influences were not so accessible as they now are. Through a large part of our Southwest the effects of this in lowering human energy are still visible.

With each generation of occupation the effects of labor became more evident, and put heart into the workers. Especially as the country filled up through immigration, and American ingenuity was directed to relieving human muscle of the toil that had been exacted of it, work became more attractive, and at the same time much better paid. The days ceased when a farm-boy had to work a month to procure the price of a coarse cotton shirt, and prices fell and wages rose *pari passu*. Fourier's problem, "How to make labor attractive," was thus solved without his drastic measures for the reconstruction of society.

Something, perhaps much, was due to the spirit in which the new immigrants embraced their lot. They came very commonly from countries in which employment was scarce and ill paid. Germany was not yet a manufacturing country; Ireland had ceased to be so under the industrial blight attending the Union of 1801. To find steady employment and to be well paid for it were luxuries to which these newcomers were not accustomed. They took it up with an enthusiasm which was infectious, and which helped to "set the pace" for the whole population. Some indeed were lazy by long disuse of their powers. I have known one Irishman who went back to Ireland because he was worked too hard in America; but he was an exception.

At present our danger seems to be overwork. In this stimulating climate, and with such endless openings for remunerative toil, it is necessary at times to put on the brakes. We are converting our very amusements into forms of toil, laborious professions. The audience at an American baseball game shares the toil of the players, in its nervous results at least. I find that boys are less used up in playing than in watching those who play and in "yelling for their side." We need more restful methods of spending our leisure, and a solid conviction that leisure is not waste. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

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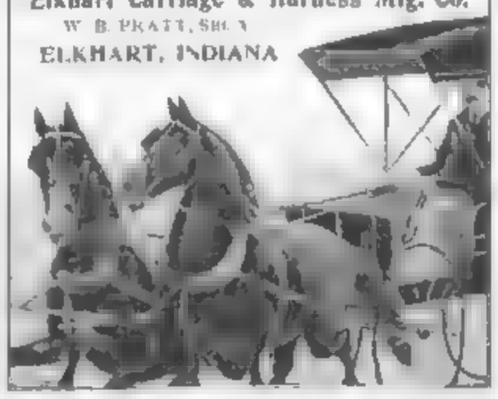

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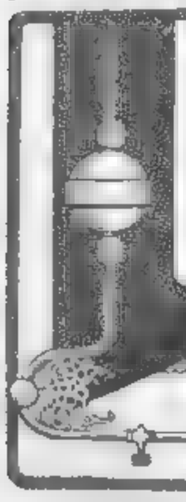

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Men & Women of the Hour

How the Baritone's Nose Slid Off

Mr. David S. Bispham, the grand opera singer, who is a native of Philadelphia, has as keen a sense of humor as he has of art He probably had more troubles with his make up than any other opera singer last winter He may not have enjoyed the situations at the time, but he does now in telling of them

One distressing trouble was to find, half an hour before a concert, that his body servant had forgotten to put a waistcoat in his dress suit case. No one could lend him one behind the scenes, and as it was eight o'clock at night every shop was closed. The manager borrowed a waistcoat from a hotel waiter next door, and then secured the services of two ladies in the audience who came back and fitted it to the large figure of Mr. Bispham. The fronts had to be cut off and basted inside the front of his coat.

In most of his singing parts he has to make up elaborately, and the more complicated the make-up the more frequently something is likely to happen. When he was singing Alberich his mustache was pulled off by Mime, causing a wonderful transformation scene on his countenance, which immediately became that of a tozzle-headed New Jersey farmer with chin whiskers.

On another evening, when he was singing Telramund in Lohengrin, he wore a very elaborate wig. This was badly fitted to his head, and when he had the famous fight with Lohengrin and fell, off went his wig in the air. He wildly grasped for it, but it eluded him with the malicious perversity of inanimate things, and arranged its flight so that when, by all of the laws of acting, he simply had to fall, it lodged itself securely beneath his large body as he rolled on the stage, and there was no chance of getting it out. The limelight fell again and again on a Telramund who had a smooth modern head with light-brown hair, closely cropped and parted in the centre

Mr. Bispham, however, confesses that none of these accidents caused him so helpless a feeling of weakness as his discomforting experience as Falstaff.

He was eager to make a great success out of the rôle. He had made up with great care and tried to provide against any accident. But in the most exciting scene, when every eye in the audience was fixed thrillingly upon the stage, Falstaff's large, bibulous nose came off. It slowly slid down the length of Mr. Bispham's body without his being able to catch his notes and his nose at the same time, and dropped upon the floor. There he trod upon it, and in full sight of a packed house and amid uproarious laughter of the audience he had to lift up his foot and remove his nose from the heel of his boot

A College Man in Mexico

The general manager of a railroad and of an important development company, and not much over thirty years of age! Such is the record made by Mr. Charles Sheldon, who left Yale only eleven years ago and is now managing the Chihuahua and Pacific Railroad, in Mexico. The career of this youthful railway official is of more than ordinary significance from the fact that he is a representative American college man.

He prepared at Andover, and entered Yale in the class of 1890. He enjoyed the college life and took an active part in the sports and frolics. At the same time he took good care to keep an excellent standing in his class Suddenly, he made a radical change in the manner of his living, dropping many luxuries and dispensing with pleasant but expensive connections. His associates surmised that there had been financial reverses, but that the young man had the "right kind of stuff in him"

Then he threw his whole energies into his work. In the philosophical studies he took special delight, and soon demonstrated his proficiency by winning the Cobden medal.

When his college course was finished he went to Chicago and accepted a modest clerical position in the office of the Lake Shore Railway. His superiors were quick to observe that he made a careful analysis of every problem that was presented to him. In the course of a short time this man of twenty-five was made Assistant Superintendent of the Michigan Division.

Mr. Sheldon's railroad work came to the attention of the management of a car-heating company, and he was offered the position of superintendent. Although wholly without experience in commercial or industrial fields he accepted this offer, and so successfully applied himself that in a short time he was able to decrease the cost of operation and extend the volume of his company's trade.

This resulted in his promotion, and, finally, in his election to the position of vice president and treasurer of the corporation

He was brought into contact, by the duties of his new position, with railway officials and capitalists of the East. Colonel Oliver H Payne, in particular, was attracted by the unassuming manners of the young man. The steady advancement and the substantial success which had characterized his work convinced the capitalist that Mr. Sheldon possessed unusual administrative abilities

Colonel Payne and his associates were then entering upon the construction of the Chihuahua and Pacific Railroad. In spite of Mr. Sheldon's youth, it was decided to appoint him general manager of the company, and he was directed to take full charge of the building and operation of the line. As the railroad traverses prairies, foothills and mountains, the problems of construction which confronted this youthful general manager were quite as varied and perplexing as those involved in the building of a transcontinental road, but every difficulty has been successfully met

Mr. Sheldon is fond of society, and loyal to his college associations to the point of enthusiasm. While at Yale he was a member of the leading college societies, and enjoys nothing so much as to fall in with a man of his fraternity who chances to stray to Mexico.

The Girl and the Car Seat

A short time ago a visitor from a Western State entered the office of Mr. John E. Wilkie, Chief of the Secret Service Division of the United States Treasury Department, bearing a letter of introduction from a common friend. He was accompanied by his daughter, a remarkably pretty girl. The girl had a bad bruise on her cheek near the corner of the right eye, and the visitor said smilingly, as they were leaving: "I didn't strike my daughter; she got that bruise in another way."

The Chief leaned back in his chair, holding his briar pipe in his hand, and looked thoughtful for a moment

"I think I can tell you how it happened," he said. "On the morning of the day before yesterday she was sitting on the side of her berth in the sleeper from Indianapolis. She leaned over to lace her shoe, the car lurched, and she fell across the aisle, striking her head on the arm of the opposite seat."

The visitor was astounded "Were you on the train?" he asked.

"No," replied the Chief, "but I reason in this way. Personal violence in the case of this young lady is out of the question. Painful accidents sometimes occur from colliding with the edge of an open door in the dark, but in that case the bruise would most likely have been on some prominent feature, like the temple, the cheekbone or the nose, and not in the slight depression near the eye You have been on the sleeper for two days, for you told me so early in your conversation here. The bruise is not a very fresh one, so it seemed almost certain that the accident occurred from a fall on the train, as much as and not more than, forty-eight hours ago My reasoning is quite simple, you see."

Both visitors expressed their amazement and took their leave. The father then went to the office of one of the higher officials of the Treasury Department and in a straightforward way explained that he had called to express his appreciation of the Chief of the Secret Service. "I have just come from his office," he said, "and in my short interview I was convinced that he is the best man who ever occupied the place."

The official spoke about the matter to Mr. Wilkie the next day, and the Chief told of the visit and of the supposed detective incident

"But it wasn't a clever thing at all," said he, "and I must write a letter to that man I didn't think it was going to make such a fuss. Some friends of my family came from Indiana two or there days ago, and I heard them up at the house talking about a pretty girl on the sleeper from Indianapolis who fell across the aisle from her berth while dressing and bruised her face. When that man brought his daughter into the office and told where they came from, it just popped into my head that here was the girl my friends had been talking about."

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A SOLDIER'S STORY

By Oliver Otis Howard

Major-General U. S. Army, Retired

FROM CADET TO SUPERINTENDENT

AS EARLY as possible in September the recitations began. My own class numbered, all told, one hundred and twenty members. We were divided into seven sections, at first in alphabetical order After a week or two of recitation the instructors, lieutenants detailed from the army, and the professor over them, having formed their judgment of the capabilities and the advancement of different cadets, had them transferred from one section to another in each study till the first and second contained the most efficient, and the sixth and seventh the least promising young men. The lowest section whatever was its number in any class (there were always four classes), was called by us "the immortals." A cadet always enjoys the humor of the opposite. He calls an ugly cadet "beauty," and he denominates those cadets who are the nearest mortality—that is, the nearest to dropping out—not mortals, but "immortals." The classes were numbered first, second, third and fourth—the new cadets composing the fourth class.

In the same manner as the battalion was halted and faced when we came to the barracks, so were the sections in the area at each hour for recitations. All the sections made one long line, usually facing south, and each had its section marcher or cadet head of the section. The officer of the day caused the line, in two ranks, to face to the front; then each section marcher called the roll of his section and reported to the officer of the day the present and the absent; then each section was marched off in quick step to the Academy, now denominated the "Academic Building," to find its proper "section room"

Fifty years ago the requirements for entrance were about the same as those demanded in our public schools to pass from the grammar grade to the high school. There have not been many changes since. But oftener, now, candidates for admission are found deficient in minor studies, as in reading or spelling, and are sent away after the preliminary examination. Young men, I believe, do not practice reading aloud as of old—that is, as boys of my age did—nor do they pay so much attention to spelling. The examinations in 1850 were not in writing as now, but oral.

Publishing Demerits to the Corps

Every Monday morning a cadet would find put up in a glass case against the wall of the Library Hall his daily marks of merit and the summation for the week These merit marks varied by tenths from 0 to 3: 0 was a failure; 2.5 was good; 2.8 was far better; but 3 was "a Max," and always, when received, cheered one's heart. Demerit marks were our horror! Their publication by reading aloud the names and demerits every evening to the entire Corps by the cadet adjutant added to the demerited cadet's grievance. "Cadet Howard out of quarters with coat unbuttoned;" or, "Gun not clean at guard mounting;" and such like. I listened intently to the adjutant's voice till he had passed from H to I on that hateful list. If I did not hear my name the sense of relief was refreshing. These marks were the very essence of "the West Point system" of government. Superintendent, Commandant of Cadets, officers of the army on or near the Point, cadet officers on duty as cadet captains and lieutenants of the first class, sergeants from the second class and corporals from the third class—all these were obliged to report, when on duty, all delinquencies observed For example, an absence from any roll call was a delinquency with three marks of demerit, a late, one mark A certain number of these marks caused the dismissal of a cadet. A good excuse, properly written, dated, folded and indorsed, might remove the marks. But it was altogether safer not to get them. The cadet's relative standing in his class was determined by his merit marks, lowered by his demerits. When a study was finished, as was the pure mathematics at the end of my second year, our relative standing in mathematics was fixed and set aside for the final reckoning. In this study I came out No. 1; General Robert E. Lee's son G. W. Custis Lee, No. 2; Thomas H. Ruger No. 3; and so on. After four years, on final summation of everything, Lee was No. 1 and Howard No. 4

When our cadet year began Captain Brewerton was Superintendent; but before our first spring had ended we had Captain Robert E. Lee (soon to have the local rank and pay of a colonel) for Superintendent Lee had the same grand carriage as Brewerton, but it was delightful to meet him. One of our instructors said: "Colonel Lee's smile is worth a thousand dollars." In his office, on the Plain and at his home, where often I went with my classmate, J. E. B Stuart, I met the same kind face and cheery smile, and a word or sentence that enhanced, and never lowered, my self esteem. I never knew Colonel Lee to lose his temper, his patience or his grave sort of kindliness

Robert E. Lee and His Great Popularity

That spring my classmates, a few at a time, exercised for sport and recreation in our poorly supplied gymnasium. It occupied the north end of our riding hall—which hall itself held the central half of the basement of the Academic Building. Iron pillars in rows were here under the great sleepers as supports. One day I was swinging on the only horizontal bar with my head down. I slipped and fell; the bar was about seven feet from the ground; the tan bark which covered all the hall bottom was not deep enough over a ledge to save my poor head from a sad blow. It resulted in a cut and contusion which sent me to the old Cadet Hospital. The bruise produced prostration and fever. A cadet-mate, Alex. McDowell McCook, of the second class, being in the Hospital for some indisposition, saw me and told the Hospital Steward: "Howard has ervsipelas, sure as you are born!" The veteran surgeon, Doctor Cuyler, on careful diagnosis agreed with young McCook. At times I was very ill, beyond recognition, and in great pain. It was rumored that "Sept Howard would die. Doctor Cuyler then nursed me as tenderly as a mother, and the Superintendent, Colonel Lee, as soon as I could be visited, came and sat by my bedside, showing such interest and sympathy as a Christian man like him would. Few men ever excelled him in winning the love of their soldiers

The Corps as a whole marched to every meal from "the area" to the "Old Mess Hall." The senior of the four cadet captains had the command. This was thought the highest military distinction. Cadet Captain Robert Williams, of Virginia, with his deep, strong voice, was the first to attract my attention in this capacity. When the next class, McCook's, became first, Captain Thomas Casey was first captain. The next John M. Schofield's class, had J. B McPherson ahead in studies, but Craighill, excelling in pure military matters, was made the first captain. My classmate, Captain Villipigue, became in our turn the senior captain. There was a singular relationship between McPherson and myself. He was cadet quartermaster-sergeant in 1852. I followed him in the same sergeantcy in 1853 That year he was cadet lieutenant and quartermaster. In 1854, succeeding him, I held the same office. During his last year McPherson was elected President of the Dialectic Society and presided all the year In this also I was his successor. In 1863–64 he commanded the Army and Department of the Tennessee till his death on the field. After his death the President gave me the same honor, putting me in command of his Army and Department. This I held through all the subsequent battles and marches till the close of the Civil War

The Famous Case of Cadet Whitaker

When Whitaker, the colored cadet, in 1880, was waiting a final settlement of his case as to whether or not he had bound himself and mutilated his own ears, I was ordered by President Hayes from the Department of the Columbia to the Department of West Point. For a time, general and line officers were sent to this command, though under strong protests from the Engineer Corps, which seemed to consider

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by General Howard. The first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

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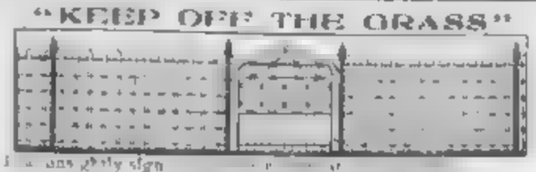

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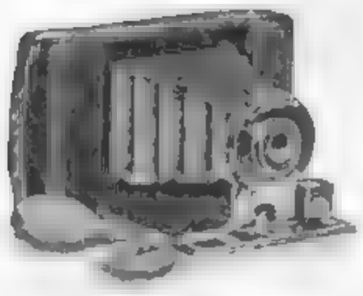

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Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners

(Continued from Page 4)

extra hours and doing many things not required of him, he finally gained the good will of his immediate superiors and secured advancement. From a mill shipping clerk he was made the mill cashier, then General Paymaster at the works, and finally Assistant General Treasurer. About this time his unusual abilities secured him a seat in the Board of Managers His partnership had still to be won and it came to him in a manner characteristic of the methods of the Carnegie Company. As a member of the Board of Managers he was called on to pass, with his associates, upon a very important business proposition. After a long discussion a vote was taken and it was found that every member of the Board, with one exception, favored the proposition. The exception was young Phipps. He gave the reason for his opposition very succinctly, but failed to convince his associates, and the proposition was carried

A year afterward events proved Mr Phipps to have been right and all the other members of the Board to have been wrong The scheme proved a failure just as he had prophesied it would, and for the reasons that he had advanced. Originality and boldness are considered the most valuable assets of a Carnegie partner, and when events showed that Mr. Phipps possessed both these qualities, besides a very long and level head, he was given an interest, made General Treasurer of the concern, and elected as Second Vice-President. To-day he is only thirty-nine years old and a millionaire several times over.

The One Who Helps to Give Away Libraries

Mr. James Galey, who has charge of the ore department, all the mines and all the transportation of the Carnegie Company, has a special claim to the interest of the public. He it is who has been the right-hand man of Mr. Carnegie in the planning and administration of the vast fund given by the ironmaster for public libraries. Mr. Galey is a man of forty-one years, a great student, and about the only college graduate among the partners. He is very tall, extremely bald headed, and looks not unlike a college professor, though as a matter of fact he is a very astute man of business. He is a great student, and despite his manifold duties finds time for much deep reading. His father was a preacher, and sent him to Lehigh University, from which young Galey graduated with high honors. He took a special course in chemistry. For some time after his graduation he had a pretty hard time of it and met with very indifferent success. By chance he got a position at the Braddock Works of the Carnegie Company where Mr. Schwab was then in charge. A blast furnace chemist was needed and among the applications that the company had on file, Mr. Schwab found one with the name of James Galey. The new chemist attracted no special attention for several years; then, however, his unflagging industry, his close attention to business and the small number of mistakes he made began to count. Mr. Schwab, whose judgment of men is almost infallible, studied his chemist more closely and discovered that he had not alone a thorough equipment as a scientist, but, what was very rare in that connection, decided executive ability. Mr Galey was put in charge of a small force of men, then his responsibilities were increased, and finally he became assistant to the Superintendent. Next he became General Superintendent, and then he was transferred to Pittsburg to take charge of the ore department and was given a partnership interest. He struck up a warm friendship with Mr Carnegie, and when the latter founded the big libraries at Braddock, Duquesne and Homestead, it was Mr. Galey who took charge of the work. The former chemist is now a very rich man, and he has shown his affection for his Alma Mater by equipping and endowing a fine chemical laboratory at Lehigh.

Mr. Thomas Morrison, the General Superintendent of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, has the distinction of being the only operating member of the Carnegie Company who is also a director.

The directors of the company are eleven in number, and most of them are retired heads of departments who now serve only in an advisory capacity. It is a great distinction to be at once the head of one of the big plants and also a member of the Board of Directors. Mr. Morrison won this distinction because he is accepted by everybody as the greatest authority on mechanical problems to be found in America, and probably in the world

The Sudden Advance of an Inventor

"When Morrison has passed on a mechanical proposition his conclusions are final." That is an axiom in the iron industry. Morrison is a Scotchman. He is the same age as Mr. Schwab, thirty-nine. Thirteen years ago he was a mechanic. The foreman in the shop where he was employed was taken ill, and Morrison, whose aptitude had been noted by the Superintendent, was placed temporarily in the foreman's place. It did prove a "temporary" appointment, because Morrison showed such aptitude for his job that he was promoted almost before he had had a chance to warm the foreman's chair He proved himself a perfect master of men and was given charge of one of the mills. He handled this task so easily that his responsibilities were doubled and he was put at the head of two departments. His mechanical genius manifested itself in the invention of all sorts of improvements, and pretty soon it was established that the Scotch mechanic was to be looked for close to the front. He made his final advance and won his partnership pretty much as Mr. Phipps had done, by opposing his judgment to that of all the other great men in the concern and being voted down. It had been proposed to make a large expenditure for new machinery. Mr. Morrison, who in the meanwhile had been put in complete charge of the Duquesne Steel Works, protested against the placing of the machinery, which, he said, would not prove a wise investment. Being a man of strong mind he did not hesitate to lay his views before headquarters in the most vigorous fashion. Nothing came of his protests, however, and the machinery was put in. In less than six months it had to be thrown out again. The defects pointed out by the Scotchman manifested themselves just as he had said they would and the investment proved a total loss. To encourage and hold a man who could see as clearly as Morrison proved he had seen, it was unanimously voted to give him a substantial interest in the concern and to make him a member of the Board of Directors. In addition he was also promoted from Duquesne to the General Superintendency of the Edgar Thomson Works.

The Swede Who Couldn't Speak English

In 1880 a Swede named P. T. Berg got a position as laborer at the Edgar Thomson Works. He had landed only a short time before and could neither read nor write English. To-day the same P. T. Berg is the Chief Engineer of the Carnegie Company and has to his credit more inventions for improvements in steel-working machinery than any other man in the world. Like most Swedes, Berg had been pretty well educated at home, and as soon as he got established in a steady job he took up seriously the task of learning the language of the country to which he had emigrated and which he meant to adopt as his own. He had an idea that if he could only speak English he might get better work. He manifested particular interest in the engineer's office, and as he showed considerable aptitude he was given the task of making blue-prints long before he could express himself intelligently. He showed remarkable talent for his new work and soon was given the position of a draftsman. Then he got to be an Assistant Engineer, and it was not many years before the Swedish laborer was Chief Engineer of the Edgar Thomson Works. To-day, at forty-one, he is Chief Engineer of the company and one of the most important partners.

Editor's Note—The second and concluding paper on Carnegie's Thirty Young Partners will appear in an early number of The Saturday Evening Post.

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Literary Folk

Their Ways and Their Work

London still rumbles faintly with the last of the controversy over An Englishwoman's Love Letters. The winter has been spent over the question, and most writers of any note at all are exhausted by frequent denials of authorship. Mr. Harmsworth's paper, the Daily Mail, telegraphed one morning, replies prepaid, to some dozens of authors, every one who conceivably could or could not have written the Letters, as follows:

"Reported you wrote Englishwoman's Love Letters. John Murray (the publisher) non-committal. Answer."

Most of them did answer, rather seriously, and almost all felt rather foolish to see the long list of replies from Tom, Dick and Harry. Some indignant letters went to the editor, asking who had "reported" the authorship to be the writer's. And it would appear that the office boy must have been the source of the rumor, as no one more important could be brought forward. After that the only refuge of the angry authors was of course to go about abusing "American methods" in journalism. That is the unfortunate part of any such episode nowadays. Whatever people don't like about English newspapers they promptly call "American." So far has the fame of the "yellow press" gone.

The secret of the Letters has been well kept and no one in London pretends to know absolutely who wrote them. But there has come to be a general agreement that they are a work of fiction, and not real letters as was at first supposed. If a vote as to the probable author were to be taken it is likely that Mr. Laurence Housman would be named. There are internal evidences, especially in the passages concerning Venice, that the book emanates from some member of a small set of people, and of this set Mr. Housman is most likely to have had the literary skill to write it.

And there is an Englishman living in a Venetian palace who is known to many visitors to that city who may possibly have had, in a wandering life, some such love passages as would suggest the Letters. At least so they say in London.

Mrs. Atherton on Hamilton

We are soon to have a breezy presentment of Alexander Hamilton, and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is the one who is to do the work. It is not unnatural that she should write American historical fiction, and especially fiction regarding the Revolution, for she is a great-grandniece of Benjamin Franklin. That she was born on the Pacific Coast, and of ancestry that was of mingled Louisiana and New England blood, may serve to explain a curious combination of qualities in her literary work.

In preparing to write on Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Atherton is determined to begin at the beginning, and for that reason she has gone to the Danish West Indies to spend some weeks there. She will go freely about on the island that was Hamilton's birthplace, and on the other islands near by, in diligent search for local color and material.

So potent a spell has she exercised over the steamship company that runs to the islands of that vicinity that each captain has orders to take her up or set her down at any point, whether or not it is a regular stopping place. So strong, too, is her influence with some "Senator North," that our Consuls have been instructed to give her special assistance in her investigations.

A Play on Prize-Fighting

Any one who ever thinks that Mr. Bernard Shaw has come to the end of his literary freakishness is sure to be disappointed. The volume which he is to publish this spring is a wonderful illustration of it. Most readers of Mr. Shaw know his novel of prize-fighting—Cashel Byron's Profession. A dramatic version of the book was produced last autumn in New York, "apparently amid general derision," according to Mr. Shaw. This at once decided him to prepare a dramatic version of his own, and astonishing to relate this has been written in Elizabethan blank verse! If you asked Mr. Shaw about it he would assure you gravely, but with a lurking light in his eye, that it was a "very remarkable piece of work indeed." This play, together with the novel and some characteristic remarks upon modern prize-fighting, are to be bound together.

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The Outcasts

(Concluded from Page 7)

or horns at all; it was simply a great weight like an avalanche of rock crushing him into the herbed plain. His grim jaws relaxed their hold; from ears and nostrils flowed his mighty strength in a red stream.

Even as Shag charged the Wolf, A'tim had reached for the Cow's flank. Ah! here was his chance. The Bull's fat throat beckoned to him from within easy reach. Wah, for his revenge! E-e-uh, for the throat grip—the throat-cutting hold!

Eagerly, wide-jawed he sprang at his Brother Outcast—and missed.

The carnage had sent Shag's life back a score of years; the battle heat warmed his old blood until it coursed with the fire of fighting youth; he was a young Bull again, full of the glorious supple strength that had been his as chief gladiator of all the prairie arena: that was why A'tim fell short as he reached for the death hold.

With a deft twist Shag had the Dog-Wolf pinned to the earth between the worn old horns.

"Now, traitor!" he grunted.

"Spare me," pleaded A'tim; "I, who am not of your kind, slept by your side, and guarded you to this land where you have a Herd. I was forced to this by the Wolves—they threatened to eat me. Spare me, Great Bull; I came to warn you, but the Wolves followed fast."

Shag hesitated. One crunch from his broad forehead, one little push—so, and the Dog-Wolf who was A'tim would——

"Spare me, Shag—let me go," pleaded the mongrel again; "I brought you to this Herd—to this Northland which is good. Were we not Outcast Brothers together?"

Again Shag hesitated. Why not? Was he not a Buffalo Bull, a Leader of Herds? Did his kind ever do aught for revenge—kill except in defense of their own lives? And was not this Dog-Wolf lying helpless between his horns beyond all chance of doing him injury—this Mongrel that had been as a Brother to him when they were Outcasts? Also the Wolves were dead—trampled into silence.

"Thou art a traitor, and a great liar, A'tim," said the Bull, rising, "but you may go because you are an Outcast, and because I also was one."

And that was the beginning of the Herd of the Wood Buffalo, that are big and strong and beautiful, in the spruce forests of the Athabasca Lake.

(THE END)

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It is obvious that in this manner pictures may be sent secretly, to be disclosed later by holding the paper near the fire.

Anybody may manufacture a good sympathetic ink for himself by adding a little gum-arabic to a small quantity of chloride of cobalt—the latter being obtainable from any dealer in chemicals. The mixture, when used with ink—a quill pen should be employed—makes a pink script, which disappears when dry, becomes green when heated, disappears when cold, and is pink again when dampened.

An expedient even simpler, when one wishes to confide his secrets to paper and yet keep them, is to use ordinary rice-water instead of ink. It cannot be seen when dry, but turns blue when iodine is applied to it. If it be desired to make perfectly sure of the destruction of the contents of a letter, after it has been read, the purpose may be accomplished by writing it with a solution of iodide of starch in water. A few days later the script will have disappeared.

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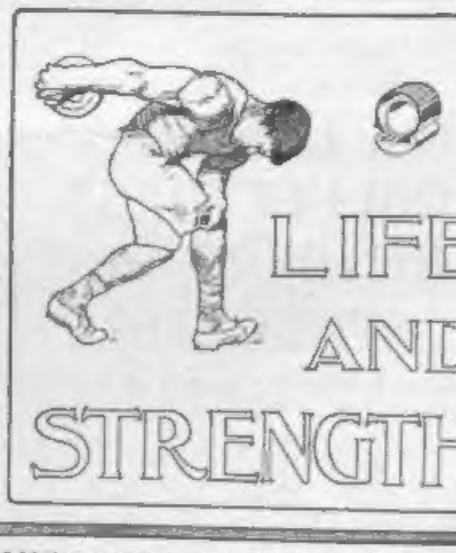

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Masters of Men

(Continued from Page 11)

from the Socapa Battery running down the hill to intercept him when he had rounded the point. Some paused to fire at him, and some who remained behind worked at machine guns—turning and training them on the small, gray floating hearse with its four dead and its wounded driver. Soon these guns belched their message, and larger shot peppered the water around the launch. And Dick, steering wild, barely able to keep his seat, totally unable to feed his fire and replenish steam, yet heard distinctly over the rattle of gun-fire the sound of a church bell behind him on Smith Cay, calling the faithful few that had remained on the island to Sunday morning worship. But down on the wharf of the island men had collected with rifles, and a bullet through his left arm told him that Christian brotherhood was elastic. They were trying to kill him—these men of his faith; and when they had done so they would probably heed the bell.

Seeing dimly, as though a fog had settled down, he rounded the dock at Caracoles Point and headed south, immediately receiving the greeting of the Catalina Battery. No shells were sent, but solid shot, large and small, crashed and whistled around his ears. Far out to sea lay a high-bowed battleship—the only craft of the American fleet discernible between the jaws of the channel mouth. He strained his dimmed eyes in the effort to focus and identify her, and barely knew the Iowa. She lay bows on to him, silent and inert. His thoughts were hardly coherent now, but with time he would have prayed for interference from that quiet, gray monster out there, one shell from which could silence this venomous hail of lead and steel. He turned, painfully, and looked back Around Smith Cay was coming the leading ship of the Spanish fleet, a two-funneled, two-masted, ram-bowed cruiser, glistening black in the morning sun. Among the battle-flags aloft was the flag of an admiral. She was piling up a bow wave bigger than his small launch; she would beat him out, for he was not yet abreast of the Estrella Battery.

But as he looked ahead, half-blind in his weakness, and endeavored to steady his craft to a straighter course, he became aware that gun-fire had ceased. The Catalina Battery was silent, the Estrella had not begun—the riflemen from the Socapa Battery to starboard were leaning on their arms and watching him. At one side stood a man with drawn sword, the point of which touched the ground. In his left hand was his cap, which, as Dick looked, he raised to a level with his face, and slowly lowered. Dick's cap was gone, he knew not when or where, but, wounded and weak, half-crazed from the ordeal, he yet recognized the chivalry of the act, and responded by lowering his head. Then there came a ringing hail in Spanish:

"Proceed with your dead, American."

And the leaky launch, with its crippled helmsman and its cargo of corpses, passed slowly by the Estrella Battery, whose gunners stood up and waved their hands.

But neither signals nor soldierly ethics influenced the gunners of the Morro Batteries at the mouth of the harbor. They received the slowly-creeping, half-filled little craft with roaring protests from heavy guns, and a shower of projectiles, large and small. The tiller was shot out of Dick's hand, and the launch, a port-helmed craft, sheered out in the channel; a one-pound shot pierced the boiler, and the pent-up steam escaped in a wheezing whistle; a fragment of steel plowed through Dick's already maimed left arm, and he sank in a heap; then, as the launch gently dived to the bottom, he found himself immersed, and weakly struggling to reach the surface. Then a huge black mass struck him, and in a rush of water he slid up—hung like a limp towel over a rack—on the slanting steel ram of the outbound Spanish flagship.

Clinging desperately to the sharp edge, choking in the small Niagara piled up by the cruiser's rush, he looked up at swarthy faces of men above. They were sailors, and the fraternity of the sea was in them. They slid down with ropes and hauled him up; then one, smiling like a mother, forced a bottle to his lips and poured whiskey down his throat.

An officer called and the men went to their stations, as a gun spoke to seaward. Dick, lying helpless on the deck, facing aft, warmed by the stimulant to an interest in his surroundings, saw the large Hontoria gun in the forward turret swing slowly to port. Then it belched, and the battle was on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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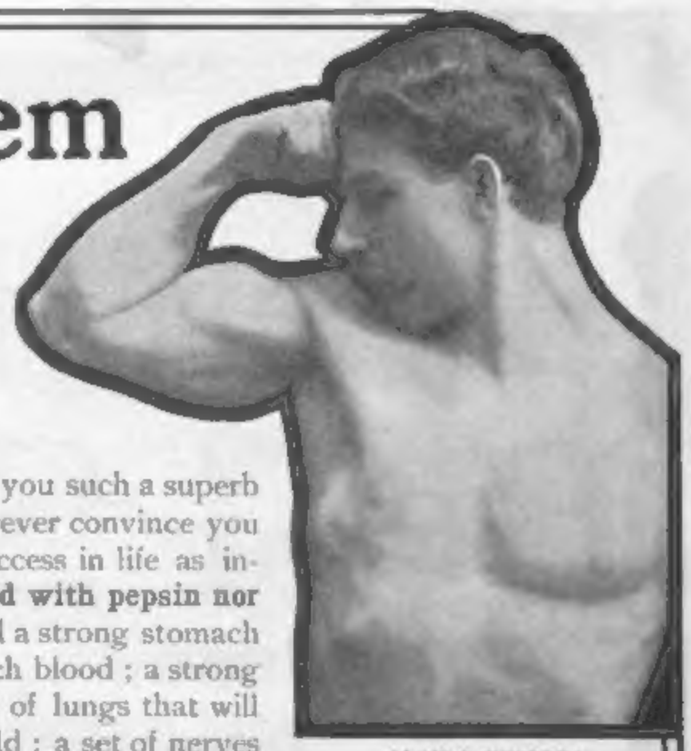

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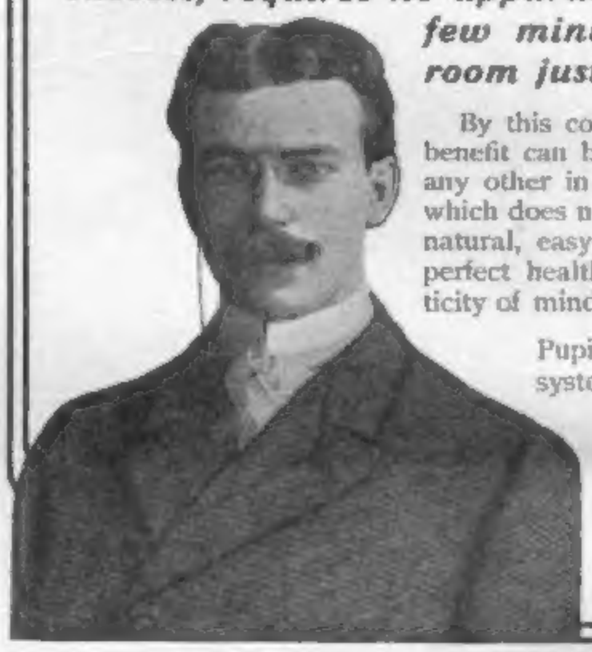

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